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THE PROMISE OF THE DAY.

No matter if the sky be dark,
And clouds obscure the days,
We know the sun, beyond it all
Pours down his golden rays.

And so though winds blow strong and keen,
And snows lie deep and chill,
We feel the heart of Christmas beat
With old-time fervor still.

The star shone o'er the lowly couch,
Where in the long ago,
The King of Love His promise gave
To soften human woe.

It beams there yet. And may each heart
While open to its ray,
Reflect its light to other breasts,
In all the world to-day.

—F. H. D.

The Lights of Rockby.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE OF LANCELEE," "LOVE'S DEVOTION," "FOR MONEY'S SAKE," "STRANGERS STILL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

LOTTIE'S reverie was interrupted by a sharp knock at the hall-door. "A letter I hope, from the girls," thought Lottie, watching the door expectantly. She heard the murmur of voices, one thin and shrill, demanding, in no gentle tone, to see the master of the house.

Maggie said he was from home, but that she would deliver any message Miss Kateby desired to leave.

"I will wait," was the curt answer. "Be good enough to inform Miss Lottiemere that I am here."

Maggie, with a red face and angry eyes, burst in upon Lottie, when she was thrust aside, and, with a quick defiant mien, Rhode strode past her, "for all the world," as Maggie said, "like a man in possession."

A scornful smile curled on Rhode's thin lips as Lottie rose, with more haste than dignity, to her feet, saying in her cordial, pleasant voice, free and generous as a boy's—

"Welcome to Rockby Crown. Come to the fire. Maggie, bring wine and some biscuits, I am sure Miss Kateby needs refreshments after climbing the cliff."

Maggie tossed her head indignantly as she left the bright room for the gloom of the hall.

"I never thought to demean myself by waiting on the likes of her. Well, I am surprised at Miss Lottie's welcoming her as though she was a real lady instead of a fast fisher-girl as she is, and whose character is a sort of door-mat to respectable feet."

When Maggie had closed the door behind her, Lottie drew a chair to the side of the fire and made Rhode sit down, saying as she did so—

"I am so very sorry my cousin is from home."

"So am I," answered the girl, "for my business is important. I have waited his pleasure. If I don't take my own part, it does not strike me that any one will do it for me. Do you know, miss, that I, the despised daughter of a convict father, am rightful mistress here by virtue of my marriage with Prince Rockby?"

"Yes, yes, I know; but do not speak so loud. It would be better to allow your husband to announce the fact in his domestic circle. You see, dear, he has been good enough to take me into his confidence, and I am sure he intends in loving-kindness to do you justice; but, as the future lady of Rockby, he wishes to do all things befitting your dignity."

Here Maggie interrupted them by bringing the desired refreshment, and was quickly dismissed by Lottie with less than her usual kindness.

Pouring out a glass of wine, Lottie handed it to Rhode, saying—

"Come, drink this, and try to hear me out with patience. You see I have my cousin's welfare at heart, and should not like to see his dignity as master of Rockby compromised, as it would be, should his wife during his absence take her stand as mistress here. I do assure you that, so far from neglecting you, as you foolishly imagine he has done, he has been considering how best to do you honor. You see I have my cousin's confidence, and it was but to-day that he was unfolding to me his plans to insure a happy fortune here with you."

Rhode looked suspiciously into Lottie's honest eyes as she replied—

"I dare say this sounds all very fair and fine to you, but I am Mr. Rockby's unacknowledged wife, and for months past he has allowed the fisher-folk and such like to point the finger of scorn at me; and I won't stand it any longer."

Lottie's fine face wore a moment's look of quiet contempt as Rhode spoke, then she sank into a seat by her side, saying—

"Come, don't drag fingers of scorn and such like into the discussion, but look at the matter in a plain common-sense light. What good do you expect to do by quarrelling with your husband?"

Rhode looked sullen, saying "She was not a stick or a stone to take insult tamely."

"Of course not," said Lottie, in her cheerful voice. "No one, to look at you, would expect it of you; but hear me out, there's a good girl, and try for your own sake to take my view of this affair. You know that Prince has a bad temper, and that he can be very firm and stern. Now, why incur his anger? Have you not bound yourself to render him loving obedience? Come go back quietly and wait his pleasure. I know that he intends to see you to-night; perhaps is even now waiting for you. Now be kind to him. He has had much to try him of late, and has borne bravely a great sorrow. Come, say you will go back now, dear, for his sake, and I promise he shall know of this visit; and what is more, that before another week has passed you shall sit here in all honor as mistress of Rockby, with the power, but I hope not the will, for I am very lonely, of turning me out of the only home I have; and if I do not bear a true friend's part to you, you have my punishment in your own hands. Will you trust me?"

Lottie held out her strong small hand to the silent woman before her, who, for a moment seemed weighing her words in her mind gravely; then she held out her hand and took Lottie's, saying—

"Yes, I will trust you, you seem kind, honest, but understand me this compact must be carried out before the week closes. Now let me go, I am sorry I came."

"Need you be sorry?" said Lottie, gently; "since this interview may be the commencement of a true loyal friendship between us."

Rhode smiled a little grimly, as she replied—

"Wait till we have lived together a year before you talk of friendship."

And Lottie nodded cheerfully as she opened the heavy doors, and watched Rhode's tall figure disappear in the gloom of a murky night.

Then she went thoughtfully back to the cozy little room, and stood by the fire again shivering a little as she repeated—

"When we have lived together a year. Ah! I wonder if I shall like her any better then? Ah! well, my poor Prince, your wife is beautiful; perhaps you think with Pope—

"'If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face and you'll forget them all.'

But that of course, is a manly maxim. We women do not love each other for our beauty, quite the contrary, in fact."

Then, tip-toeing to look into the tall chimney-glass, Lottie shook her head at the reflection saying—

"You poor brownie, I believe you're jealous."

A little sigh followed the whisper, and two great tears crept to her dark eyes through which the fire frolicked and flickered as though to give her lighter thoughts. Brushing her eyes angrily with the back of her hand, she went out of the room singing softly for company as she traversed the long dark passages which led to the kitchen.

There she found Maggie, and won the woman over to a little promise of secrecy regarding Rhode's untimely visit; and then she checked the woman's gossip a little proudly on Rhode's account, informing her quietly and kindly, as she trifled with some of Maggie's knitting, that "Perhaps the time would come, and that soon, when the despised fisher-girl would hold her head up with the highest."

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Maggie in pious horror. "She's a deal too proud already, to my mind, considering the disgrace her wicked father and his gang have brought upon the place."

"Come, Maggie," said Lottie, coaxingly, "promise to keep your thoughts to yourself for once, for the sake of your master. I know you would not like to wound his feelings."

Then, to avoid further discussion, Lottie ran off to her room again and began to discourse sweet music to drive away harassing thoughts.

So lost was she in melody that she did not hear her cousin enter, but started up with a crash of discordant notes when he laid his hand upon her shoulder; he laughed at her startled looks, saying—

"Come, cousin, I thought you were a strong-minded woman and above the weakness of nerves."

Lottie laughed as she replied, "She was afraid that she had all the weakness, and but little of the strength of her sex."

Prince sat down by the fire, and, looking round, said—

"How bright and homelike this room looks. Lottie, you are a cozy creature, and seem to keep a store of comfort at your fingers' ends which you dispense about the place for everyone's gratification."

"Yes, and most of all, for my own," answered Lottie. Then, seating herself on the tender-stool with a bundle of work in her hand, she said, a little nervously, as she threaded a needle by the blaze—

"Are you going out again, you lazy boy?"

Prince bent his keen eyes on her gravely as he answered—

"No, I have had enough bother for one day. I mean to spend the evening in quiet and comfort here, if you will permit me, and I hope to hear a song or two just to disperse the gloom and stillness which has gathered so strangely in the old house."

"Do you know, Prince, I am going to be very disagreeable to you for once and turn you out, for there is a duty which I fancy you have overlooked, and which claims attention."

"Indeed, Miss Wisdom, and what may that be?"

"A very pleasant and yet urgent duty—your wife. I know it must be an age since you saw her; and she has been in trouble, too, and therefore, you know, needs your 'cheering.'"

Prince frowned.

"Besides, Prince," continued Lottie, "it is quite time a mistress came here. You must be aware that Mrs. Grundy would object to my continuing your guest under the present circumstances."

"I don't care a brass farthing for Mrs. Grundy, neither do I see why you should. Why cannot matters go on as they are? I am sure we are very comfortable."

"Well, I am not, neither do I expect is Rhode," said Lottie quietly.

"How put you have got her name, Lottie."

"Of course I have; it should be a household word here, you know."

"I tell you I don't know."

"You mean you won't."

"Well, put it as you like; mine is the pain at any rate."

"Yes, and once yours was the pleasure, as it will be again, please God, for all our sakes. Since it was your pleasure to marry that girl, I should imagine it ought to be your pleasure to make her happy."

"Oh! she's happy enough."

"I don't believe it, Prince, it is not possible. Look how your visits have compromised her, and how lonely she must be. Come, I insist that you go to her at once, and comfort her by arranging how you can install her here. Were I in your place, I should take her away for a time till the scandal had blown over, then bring her back here in her rightful position as your wife; meanwhile, I'll get your home in order, and wait here to give you your welcome home; but remember, you have promised not to set Rhode against me, by letting her know how your father's death placed you. It would set her against me at once, were she to know herself indebted to me. After I have made her like me, you can do as you like about entrusting her with our secrets; it won't seem so hard to her then."

Prince listened quietly to all that Lottie said; then, rising to his feet, he rested his hand on Lottie's bowed head, saying—

"If I do all this as you arrange it will be done in gratitude to you."

"Yes; and in love to her, who, being your wife holds your honor."

Prince was silent, and Lottie continued, as she pulled his hand down level with her cheek, and rubbed her face against it caressingly—

"Of course you will do all that is generous and right, and so I shall feel proud of my Prince."

One moment he stood irresolute, his haggard eyes fixed on her stern, sad face; then he left her without a word.

A moment after, Lottie heard the hall-door close behind him; then, with a low sigh of suffering, she sank on her knees, burying her face in the cushion of her easy-chair, and burst into a bitterness of weeping crying out that her sorrow was more than she could bear, for she really loved this man dearer than her own soul. Strong was this girl's sorrow, but not so strong as her endurance; so, after awhile, she grew calm and prayed fervently for strength to bear the burden.

* * * * * * *

While the winter winds fought with the rocks of Rockby, and Lottie alone, but for the servant, sought by taste, skill and patience, to combat with and repair the neglect of years, and to bring the fine old place to wear a resemblance of wealth and occupation, Prince travelled abroad with his handsome wife from city to city, discontented, feeling a longing in his heart which the sight of a well-remembered dark sweet face could satisfy.

Rhode was just developing into a woman of fashion; she thoroughly enjoyed the feverish excitement of the life they led, and the universal admiration her rare beauty called forth.

Prince was a model husband and glad to give his wife every pleasure in his power; never jealous or exacting, in fact, hardly enough, so Rhode sometimes thought.

They received long chatty letters from Rockby, full of fanciful amusing details of the domestic life there.

Lottie was a clever letter writer, and,

although her letters were sent jointly to Prince and his wife, Prince always claimed them, and sometimes Rhode would come across him re-reading them with a sad set face which puzzled his wife.

Once she suggested that, considering Lottie's position, she seemed to take a great deal upon herself.

Her husband's sudden anger and stern contempt surprised her, and, as Rhode had more temper than discretion, she stirred up the ashes of his wrath, each day till once, out of all patience with her selfishness and ingratitude, Prince placed her in full possession of their position, and of the debt of gratitude which they owed to sweet and unselfish Lottie.

Directly the tale had left his lips he regretted its recital, and looked anxiously to see how Rhode received it; but her face told him nothing, it was still and set, like a palely beautiful mask.

"You must not tell Lottie that you know our secret, Rhode; her sacrifice would be incomplete if you did. You will remember, dear, and forgive me if I have said more than I intended; I have a hasty temper."

Rhode looked up at first a little sullenly; then, seeing how kind he looked, she drew his head down to her breast, saying—

"Prince, what have I done to lose your love?"

"Nothing, you silly girl; you have not lost it. Don't I really make you happy, Rhode? And yet I try."

"Oh! I am happy enough, Prince, and grateful too; but it is you who are unhappy and disappointed."

Prince felt in his heart that she was right, but he was too sensible to confess it; so, kissing her lightly, he led her to the mirror and bidding her look upon the lovely vision asked her gaily if that was the sort of woman to disappoint a man? And seeing his look of unmistakable admiration, Rhode was easily content.

After this he tried to be more patient with her, and his manner had a new grave gentleness to her, for he had at last realized that he was not the only one who suffered through this ill-advised union, and somehow pity sprang up in his heart for Rhode that killed the tenderly-nurtured compassion he had encouraged for himself.

When the spring flowers peeped beyond the bosom of the brown earth, Prince thought it was time to get back to the old home again.

He felt that God had given him a safeguard against temptation when his wife whispered a blessed hope of something near and dear to cherish, which was coming pure and fresh to them from the hands of the divine Giver; a little living soul to soothe life's disappointments, and give him ever-increasing interest in the future.

Lottie waited in a pretty blue serge dress upon the time-worn doorstep—waited with welcome light in her dark eyes, and a pleasant happy smile of greeting in her sweet true lips.

She had grown thinner, browner, and more worn-looking during their absence, and somehow Prince knew by some subtle intuition that the long winter months had not passed as pleasantly to her as she in her letters had led them to imagine.

The very way in which she braved the winds bareheaded, with splendid disregard to the havoc it made with her thick dark hair, spoke to him of lonely and long winter walks on the tall cliffs, and a facing of something perhaps fiercer than weather.

She seemed heartily glad to see them, and with pride led them into the house, which Rhode declared was transformed as though by a fairy godmother.

Somehow all that had been dingy now looked bright, and although the character of the house, which was quaint and ancient to a most artistic degree, had not been altered, all looked fresh as from a bath of Lethe, which had left decay behind and became oblivious of poverty.

Here and there bright glimpses of color crept out, and everything from cellar to top ceiling was in thorough repair.

As Prince declared, she had made a picture of the old place, in which the ancient world and the new, like infancy and age that loved each other, mingled in a harmony of light and shade—daylight and gloaming—in fact, a home for every mood.

Rhode, tired with travelling, was glad to seek her own suite of rooms, and to creep into her snowy nest.

Lottie's quiet, caressing manner so won on Rhode that she allowed her to assist her to bed, bring her some tea and the wing of a chicken (they had dined en route at Cannon-street), and then linger by her side, listening to her somewhat vapid description of their travels.

Then, when the blue eyes were closed in slumber, Lottie stole down to her own room to sing to Prince, who sat in his favorite chair, smoking and sipping his wine quietly.

"How is it, Lottie, that this room has not undergone a complete revival like the other?" asked Prince, placing a seat by the fire for her.

A faint red tinge stole to Lottie's brown cheeks, as she answered—

"Well, you see, we were obliged to have somewhere to put our heads in peace; and, besides that, I fancy the old room best as it is. The same with my bed-room; a good clean and polish, some fresh hangings, and a few spring flowers, and I assure you it remains as it was. I like its dingy, well-worn look of home. I have grown accustomed to it, and, old maid like, I believe it perfection."

"What have you done, beside submitting this place to a complete revival, all this dreary winter time?"

"Oh! I have done well enough. I have made friends with the fisher-folks, who suffered great privations this long rough season; and then I have had your farms and cottages put into repair; got a new steward, the last was a fearful cheat; and altogether made pretty good use of my time. Fisher Will lost his boat during one of the winter storms; his father died at the dawn of the new year. I have instituted a little school for the fisher children; got one of my old school-fellows to be mistress—she is a dear girl and delicate—an orphan; so you see I have taken your dogs for a walk over the high cliffs each day; put up a new box for the signal lights; had a poor children's feast, with a Christmas tree; read to the old woman; and, best of all, exercised both your pet horses over the downs, to their great benefit and mine, every day except, of course, these dreadening snow-storms. Then I have found nice servants; put the garden in trim for cultivation; made friends with the people about here worth knowing; and bought a new pony-chaise, to drive Rhode to market. Say, have I done my duty?"

"Yes, and more; God bless you!" said Prince, laying a hand upon her dark head.

She shivered a little at the touch; it reminded her of that night, months since, when she had sent him to his duty. So she rose, and scattered all sadness to the right-about, by the gay strains of a jovial hunting song.

* * * * *

"Let me kiss the baby, please, nurse, it looks so pink and pretty, a sweet little girl. Oh! Rhode, won't Prince be delighted when he returns. Did he not say in his letter that he should leave town at three o'clock to-day? Then, at that rate, we may expect him in a few hours. Won't he be surprised!"

Lottie stooped over the lovely woman whose head rested among a cloud of golden hair and lace upon the pillow, and in a gentle womanly way laid the little atom upon the marbled breast, then left the room with just a spark of envy in her honest heart for the happy mother who should first see Prince's eyes gladden at the sight of his first-born.

After all she was the first to lay the little stranger on her father's heart, for Rhode took a turn before he came which did not portend health, so that by the doctor's orders no one but the nurse and himself entered the sick room.

Lottie laid the baby on Prince's lap, as he sat in moody silence by the fire in her own little sitting-room.

"See," she said, "cousin, here is the beginning of a new generation for us; is she not a beauty?"

Sinking on her knees, she gently unfolded in the fire-glow, from its nest of swans-down, a pretty form with a pair of blinking eyes which seemed all pupils.

Prince looked from the dark glowing face to the baby, and, stooping, kissed it gently, saying—

"How is Rhode? Does she not want to see me, Lottie?"

"Yes, of course she does, but you must not go yet, you know it might excite her and she is not quite so well as we hoped. Now I must take this pretty blossom back. How roughly the wind blows! I fear there will be some boisterous weather; are you going out again, Prince?"

"Not till I hear better account of Rhode," he answered; "or there is some need of help down yonder. Fisher Will is anxious and has promised to summon me if there is any danger to the smacks; they are lying out at sea and may perish in sight of home. The woman there are in a fearful way. Come back when Rhode is quiet, I do so dislike watching alone."

After a while Lottie come back with her head and shoulders shrouded in a lace shawl, under which she wore the same ulster which had covered her the night she had relighted the red lights.

"Where are you going, Lottie?" asked her cousin.

"Down to the shore to try and comfort those poor women, or at least to give them my sympathy."

"Eh! and a toast?" sneered Prince, who was in an ill temper.

Lottie did not answer, but turned back when she reached the door—

"Don't be surly, Prince, but come with me; Rhode is sleeping quietly, and the men may need a clear head among them."

Prince rose, exchanging his cigar for a pipe, and sauntered slowly after her; she missed him on the beach.

The storm was blowing up furiously, and just as they had scrambled to the shore, a boat shot upon the sea,—a tiny cockle shell of a thing.

"Who has put off to the rescue?" asked Lottie, of a sobbing woman.

"Mr. Talents, miss, the young coast-guard officer, who has been away on sick leave."

Lottie's cheeks burned as she turned to her cousin, who came up just then, saying—

"Whoever has put off in this sea is a madman."

"Or a hero, according as to whether he is successful or not," said Lottie.

Prince fancied there was some contempt in the speech, as his hot blood mounted very quickly to his face on hearing who it was.

A few seconds later he and Fisher Will managed to get a boat afloat and follow in the wake of the tossing little boat which did such brave battle with the wind and waves.

They reached the first fishing smack together and succeeded, each in filling their boat and landing again safely on the shore; then, amid the cheers of the people, they make another venture out, and were again successful.

Now the storm was at its worst, a deafening up-roar of the elements scattering confusion among the men, and a towering sea threatening them with sudden death; but into their boats they went bravely.

Just as Prince was again stepping into his, Lottie laid her hand upon his arm, saying—

"Don't venture again, Prince, for the sake of that little life given to your guardianship to-day. Stay, for the love of God, stay, 'tis madness to venture again."

Prince said in an insulting tone—

"I love danger, and there is luck in odd numbers—this is the lucky third."

"God bless you, then, and good-bye!" exclaimed Lottie, who now sat down on the shingle under shelter of the cliff, and covered her face, for she fancied he had gone to his death.

A few minutes later a deafening cheer told her they were again successful.

Then she found courage to look up and join the excited throng by the sea.

Just then a vivid flash of lightning showed an overturned boat and a man struggling in the very jaws of death.

"It's young Talents," said a fishwife. "Oh! poor chap, how he fights for life! See; why, someone has jumped over to him! Mad, mad, he will not take a sip of death?"

Then darkness covered the face of the sea and hung upon the heavens like a pall, and the next flash showed two men struggling for life far away from the boats, which had been driven by the waves.

Then came a moment of suspense, during which the storm seemed to hold its breath and then two struggling souls were dragged over the side of a boat and brought ashore.

They laid them amidst the group of sobbing women; two men of God-like build with a look of death upon them, and Lottie recognized her cousin and his old rival Fred Talents, the coast-guardsman.

Willing hands and ready wills soon restored Prince; but his old enemy lay still and quiet, and might have personified the dawn of death.

"Come, Will," said Prince, "bear a hand; we'll take him up to the Crown; the doctor is there and may do something for him."

Under the care of the doctor and Maggie, Fred Talents soon opened his eyes, to rest them on the anxious face of Lottie who knelt beside him, looking fresh and sweet through the blowing about of the winds.

Her thick dark hair unbound by the storm fell about her like the gloaming one sees in early spring—darkness with light between.

Prince had gone to assure his wife of his safety, and to say something kind to her, to repay her in part for the suffering she had endured that day.

A few days later Fred Talents, thanks to a sensible nurse and a good doctor, was well enough to leave Rockby Crown; but not before he had strengthened his friendship with Lottie, and come to a better understanding with his host, who, ever strong in liking or disliking, now veered round to confess his guest a very pleasant fellow.

Lottie was glad to see them friends, and still more glad to find that Fred had promised to pay them frequent visits.

The day that he paid the first of these promised visits Rhode came down stairs looking very delicate and lovely; sickness had refined and purified her looks, and a pretty pride sat well on her now that she was a mother.

She received her old lover with great cordiality, and seemed glad to find that Prince and he were friends.

After this Fred brought books for the ladies, went shooting and fishing with Prince, and became as one of them. Prince had a billiard-table fitted up, and on rainy days many pleasant hours were passed in the long low room which had become a favorite haunt to them all.

Lottie, in after years, looked back on these few months of quiet content through a golden mist of happy thoughts. Rhode, who had been delicate for a few months after little Ida's birth, now grew quite strong, and with returning health came renewed pride and ambition.

Her great aim seemed now to become a woman of fashion.

Prince looked on in amused silence, shrugging his huge shoulders carelessly, as he told Lottie the caprice would die out for want of mere means of success; but Lottie sighed, and felt the foreboding of a new trouble, for Rhode was greatly changed of late, given to gusts of temper, fits of sulks, and other symptoms of a growing discontent.

CHAPTER V.

"I WISH you would give up all idea of this dinner-party, Rhode; it is sure to bring mortification and discomfort on us all. Cannot you be content with the few friends we have and our many enjoyments, but you must bring in the multitude?"

Prince, who had been for him unusually patient and gentle, here threw down the fishing-rod he had mending,—the first symptoms of a brooding storm.

But Rhode would not give in; she had set her mind upon having a grand dinner, and showing all Rockby what a great lady she had become.

At first her fine home, pretty pony-carriage, and a great display of Parisian finery, had contented her; but pride "grows on what it feeds upon," and so came to her these fresh visions of her own importance; but they were quickly dashed by a host of refusals, polite but cutting, which showed only too plainly that the gentry of those parts did not intend to receive on terms of equality the daughter of a convict, although she was the wife of one of the Rockbys who had once been friends with royalty.

The grand dames thereabout looked kindly on Lottie, who, with her shabby clothes and simple honest manners, bore the stamp of birth and breeding.

So Rhode's grand dinner dwindled into a small party after all, with the doctor and the vicar, and suchlike worthy but unpretending folks, as chief guests; and if the hostess looked a little disgusted, Lottie and Prince made up by their hilarity.

True, they had one distinguished guest, a friend of the vicar's who took them all by storm.

He was a man of middle age, wondrously handsome, of distinguished looks, and winning, polished manners; a man who had passed his life, as Lottie put it, at the top of a tree, fanned by the flattery of good society.

He had been very wicked while extremely young, so of course had an interest in the eyes of the women, who are agreed that there is nothing so dangerously delightful as a man whose fondness for the fair sex has carried him beyond the bounds of propriety.

Just now his caprice was 'mesmerism.' Had he held Rhode's narrow superstitious mind in bondage by his weird yet authentic talk?

He gambled, too, a little, and could sing and play in a tasteful sympathetic way infinitely charming.

He was extremely thin, had a long pointed chin, large almond-shaped eyes which had a fetching mode of opening in a surprised way, very flattering to those whose appearance or performance called it forth; it seemed to say, "Come now, this is really good, I am surprised, I, who have seen all that is worth seeing in the world."

His manner, too, was quick, sympathetic eager, consequently taking; besides all this he dressed well, rode well, danced well, and bore a name worth knowing, for he was the bachelor master of an old English mansion, and was styled Sir Perceval Peyton of Peyton Park, Berkshire; and, taking all these into consideration, Rhode thought it worth while to be very charming indeed; and, perhaps, for that same reason Prince was gracious too, and pressed this perfect specimen of the upper ten to pay them a visit. Interested in the little household which boasted two such delightful women, Sir Perceval consented, and Lottie heartily wished he had not, for she knew he know would instill a greater discontent in Rhode, whose frivolous mind was ever yearning for excitement of the great world.

Lottie was glad he was not coming at once, for somehow her pure heart mistrusted him.

That night, after the company were gone, Lottie sat in Rhode's room, chatting with her about their guests, and she was surprised to find Rhode more silent than usual; she was glad when she learnt the cause of the restraint, which it seemed had come about through Fred Talents.

Lottie at once informed Rhode of every incident in her friendship with Fred, and Rhode's blue eyes brightened at the recital.

"After all," vanity whispered, "he might be true to his old passion for his fair, but fickle, fisher-girl."

About a week later, walking by the sea, ankle-deep in yellow sands looking for seaweeds, Fred, in simple manly fashion, asked Lottie to be his wife.

It came as a shock to her; forgetful of her treasures, she let them fall at her feet, as with a gesture of entreaty, she said—

"Hush, do hush! Forget that you have said this to me; indeed, indeed, it can never be."

Talents' face turned white through the bronze, and he said, as he held her hands in his—

"Why can it not be as I wish darling? Am I so unlovable? Could you not care for me if you tried? I would be very patient, dear, for I love you with all the intensity and strength of my manhood, and as I shall never love again."

"Yes, yes, I know; yet my answer must still be the same, for I have no love to give."

Lottie felt his hands quiver, and his grasp tighten, as he said quietly, yet in a hoarse, changed tone—

"Who is it, to whom this wondrous good has been given?"

Lottie's honest, troubled eyes drooped, and a deep flush mounted to her very forehead; shame sat curtained upon her eyes, pain lay passive on her mouth.

Fred looked surprised, and said, very quickly—

"Forgive me. I had no right to ask; I could hardly expect your confidence."

"Yet you shall have it," said Lottie, in her old fearless tone, unlifting her eyes where, by tears, shame lay drowned in sorrow. "Before I knew my cousin had a wife. I do not know what called forth this poor passionate love of mine; but it came, a perfect, peerless treasure, and I hugged it to my heart, and I had found a glorified world. Love leaps to life uncalled, untended, like bloom on a barren place, while those who would woo such beauty for themselves, weep over an empty space. Now you know my secret. Do not pity me, I do not need it; I hope to make something of my life yet, though it may not be in the happiest way. You must not look upon me as a 'blighted being,' because I have been unsuccessful in my only love-venture; I am happy, for I still love. Now do not look shocked; I fancy that I love in a different way to most women. I am sure I ought to have been a boy. Do not think ill of me for my confidence. Remember, 'he loveth best who prayeth best,' and while God keeps my love in my prayers there can be no sin in it."

"No, dear, there can be no sin in any love of your true heart. I am glad to think you trust me," said Fred, looking in the frank, fearless face before him.

"We can still be friends, you know," said Lottie.

"A philosopher has said, 'there can be no friendship between man and woman,' Lottie."

"Oh! a fig for his philosophy: at any rate we'll try it. Just imagine we are a couple of boys. I'm sure, if we start with that notion clearly defined, we shall get along famously."

"I am afraid, my girl, it is too clear a case of spoons on my part to act as you would wish."

"But, don't you see, you must not think that you are acting a part. Come now, lend me a hand with the 'Blue Heath' yonder. Fisher Will has painted it up to perfection, and I should so heartily enjoy a row."

Fred dropped her hands and smiled down ruefully upon the poor result of this morning's work; the sea had snatched back its treasures to its bosom.

Then he followed Lottie's swift walk up the shingle, and laughed to see her throw her hat into the boat and turn to with a will her strong young arms making anything but pretence of work.

Then with a heave-no! worthy of a fisherman, she helped him get the boat afloat, and springing in prepared to take stroke in a masterly manner.

They rowed out in silence for some minutes, then looking merrily over her shoulder, Lottie said—

"Better, old man, eh?"

Fred, who had been lost in thought watching the golden sands quickly disappear, and mentally comparing them with the sunny sands of life, looked up with such a woe-begone, far-away expression, that Lottie, ever too ready to see the comic side of a situation, burst into a merry peal of laughter, that echoed away on the rocks and caused an old fishwife to cast an envious sigh to her lost youth.

Fred flushed up and looked offended, till Lottie, in a contrite tone, said—

"I beg your pardon; but you really did look so deliciously sentimental and self-pitiful, I could not help it. Somehow you reminded me of Toots, when he said to Florence 'It's of no consequence.'"

Fred's face cleared up, her high spirits were too fetching to resist; besides, she did look so charming, her tall lithe figure bending with strong, sure grace, at each firm feathered stroke, and her hair blown back from her candid, open forehead.

They rowed on silently awhile, then Fred said, as he rested on his oar to fill his pipe—

"Sing something jolly, and I'll forgive you."

Lottie obeyed, and in a voice sweet and clear as a lark's, sang "Cherry Ripe."

How sweetly the clear quick notes blended with a low splash of the oar and the quick working of the waves against the boat.

When the song was ended, Fred said quietly—

"That was a real treat. What a joyous voice you have."

"By the bye," said Lottie, gravely, "to pretend we are boy-friends, it would be best for you to call me Lottiemere, and I call you Talents."

Fred laughed, and told her "she might do what she liked with his name since she would not make it hers."

She held up a warning finger; then said, quietly—

"What a grand idea it is that sound is never lost, but floats round other worlds. I always cherished that notion because it would be such a pity for all such sweet sounds as music, children's voices, and the like to be lost; it is nice to think it goes to swell the music of the spheres, isn't it?"

"One thing I know, friend Lottiemere, the music of your voice will live in my heart for ever. I mean to carry it into the other world."

"Just like your independent spirit, Talents, to take a musical box of your own, so as not to quite depend on the general harmony," said Lottie, lightly; then she continued, "I know it's time for luncheon, so turn, gentle hermit of the dale, and guide my lonely way; I promised Rhode I'd bring you back to the noon meal."

A month of the golden summer-time had passed, and at last Rhode had succeeded in filling the Crown of Rockby with a decent array of guests, and she was in her element.

Quick to catch the manner and tone of the circle in which she moved, Rhode had picked up a certain ease and polish which became her mightily.

She was certainly a very lovely woman, now that each charm was heightened by elegance of dress and surroundings.

Thanks to Lottie's perfect artistic taste and quick common sense everything was in harmony, and Prince, looking at his beautiful wife and the perfect picture his home presented, was more than content.

Indeed, he was both proud and happy under their softening influence, and he lost rapidly the little brusqueries he had in his former time possessed.

He no longer cared to spend his days solus, but cultivated the more sociable side of his character, which, divested of its rugged outer crust, appeared a very lovable one.

Fred Talents, seeing him thus, no longer wondered where lay the charm that took the fancy of the one girl in the world to him.

He knew now how the rugged brute strength and courage of the man could suddenly soften into tenderness; how the stern temper was set off by a merry tongue; his flashes of tenderness were like stars in a stormy sky; his gentleness as conspicuous as flowers peeping out of the crevices of a granite rock.

Just now, Sir Perceval's attention to the lovely Mrs. Rockby grew very marked, so much so that both Lottie and Prince pointed it out to Rhode.

She met Lottie with sneers and unpleasant remarks about "unwarrantable interference," but to her husband she was sweetness itself, quieting his doubts with caresses.

Rhode did not intentionally seek dishonor but she loved danger and craved admiration, and, unknown to herself, this man had become her master by his passionate power of will.

He, unwittingly, for he never knowingly gave another the whip hand of him, had learnt to love this low-born, fickle woman, and would have dared death itself rather than give up all hope of winning her.

He shut his eyes to the danger, the misery, the dishonor, and only looked to the delusive sunny side of the dark picture which portrayed the future, but he had yet to learn the misery consequent upon a granted wish.

As to Rhode, she never gave the future a thought, she was so feverishly delighted with the present.

"Let to-morrow take care of itself."

So the golden glory of the summer waned, and the husband and wife slowly drifted apart, coldly and cruelly, as only those who should be nearest and dearest to each other can.

The gay company had flitted from Rockby.

The young coastguard officer, Fred Talents, and a few callers disturbed the dulness of the autumn days.

Baby Ida grew into a lovely little tyrant, and gave the best of her baby-love to papa and auntie Lottie.

Her mother loved the child, but was too indolent and too volatile to take much of the trouble of her to herself.

She daily grew more pretty and perplexing in her treatment of Lottie, who bore her ill-humors with wonderful meekness.

The fact was, Lottie was too happy just now to greatly care about her cousin's wife.

Fred had now great hopes of winning her, for it had entered his head that she had been mistaken in thinking that she had given her love, as he understood love, to her cousin.

He, perhaps, rightly thought she had mistaken a fancy, born of loneliness, and had yet an untried heart for the great engrossing love of a life.

Not that he saw a chance of his dear hopes being immediately realised, but he saw a light ahead which spoke of hope, and he seemed to see that the heart for which he yearned, instead of being numbed by the chill of unrequited love, merely slumbered.

His hope was that he might, after all, be the prince whose mission it should be to rouse the sleeping beauty.

Rhode's distasteful, unkind treatment of Lottie grew so marked at last, that Prince, always jealous for his cousin's well-being, found it necessary to point out to Rhode the wrong she did the girl by so continually slighting and mortifying her.

True, Lottie held her own in a quiet, firm way peculiar to her, yet Prince felt there ought to be no need for her to assert her right of consideration; so much, indeed, did he feel this, that a fearful quarrel ensued between him and his wife, in which she accused Lottie of stealing the love of her husband and child from her.

Disgusted with her injustice, Prince told her that he would alter things in a manner little to her liking for the future; that Lottie should take her proper and rightful position as mistress in the house; and that Rhode should, with the child and himself, seek a home elsewhere.

Seeing that he was in earnest, Rhode grew silent, a sullen light brooding in her eyes.

She determined she would not be put aside and humbled for that girl; so she all at once, and without considering how dire might be the cost, made up her mind to leave home.

Just as she dried her stormy tears, and set about to lay her plans for a flight that should frighten her husband into a surrender, a servant brought her a card—a visitor awaited her in the drawing-room.

"I cannot see anyone just now, Susie; see, my eyes and face are scarlet; I have been ill, upset. Go and make some excuse for me, there's a good soul; say I am ill, out, anything. Yet, stay; give me the card. Who is it?"

"Sir Perceval Peyton."

"Stay, Susie, tell him I will be with him directly. Then come and help me to arrange my hair and bathe my face. Oh! dear, what a fearful fright I look!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE glowing sunlight was softened into a mellow radiance by the heavy curtains in the long, low drawing-room at Rockby Crown this sultry October afternoon.

The cool half-light came upon one coming out of the glare of sunlit sea and cliff as a pleasant surprise.

Rhode glided into the apartment with her quiet subtle grace of manner, in pure white draperies, which had a virginal look by force of their severe simplicity, which showed to such advantage every rounded curve of her full graceful shape.

Her fleecy hair hung low upon her neck in a careless twist of gold, a few gold ornaments relieved the plainness of her robe, and at her neck and waist glistened bright bunches of yellow lilies.

True, the slight redness of her full eyelids which shaded the sapphire eyes, in some might mean defect, but not so here; they but added a new charm, a pretty, pensive, Madonna-like cast to the somewhat subdued radiance of her beauty.

Sir Perceval, being of somewhat diminutive stature, of course cherished a great admiration for Juno-like proportions in women, and truly Rhode's was a beauty perfect in its kind—and it was an unusual kind.

Her cool metallic voice greeted her guest with more than usual empressement. She had been "troubled, upset, worried, in fact," she said; "it was truly so good to see a friend."

And this harmony in white and gold took the baronet's diminutive hand in her fine shapely one with an appreciative little squeeze, which set the little man's blood dancing in his veins like strong wine.

After this came a confidential quiet interview, and when in the red glow of the setting sun Rhode saw him depart with a smile upon his lips and a glad light in his eyes, she put her hand upon her frightened heart and breathed a storm of sighs.

That night and the next day she kept to her room, saying she was ill, and Prince put it down to a fit of sulks, and lauded that she would soon come to her senses if left alone.

But Rhode was really sick, though it was the sickness of the mind, not body. Her bitter brooding nature had set up a grievance for itself, and she fell prostrated before it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS GAMES.—Under the hat. Great amusement is generally caused by this trick, which is played as follows. Take half a dozen raisins, walnuts, or any small fruit or cakes, and call for a hat to be brought you, which place over the fruit or cakes on the table. Ask someone to remove the hat to show that the articles are beneath it. Take them up and eat them in sight of the company, and when all are convinced, tell the holder of the hat to place it on the table, and wager that you will again bring the eaten fruit or cakes beneath the hat. One or more of the company is pretty sure to wager that this is impossible when you take up the hat and place it on your head, thus proving that the fruit or cakes are again brought under the hat.

The Water Trick. Procure two pieces of glass about six inches square, and join any two of their sides and separate their opposite sides with a piece of wax, so that their surfaces may be made to form an angle of about two or three degrees. If this apparatus be then immersed in water, the water will rise between the plates and form a beautiful geometrical figure.

The Animated Egg. This trick causes a deal of fun, especially among young people, and is done in the following manner. Procure an egg, a quill, and some quicksilver. Fill the quill with the quicksilver, and with hard wax seal up the quill securely at both ends. Boil the egg and take off a small piece of the shell and insert the quill. If then you place the egg on the floor, it will dance about as long as the heat lasts. A similar trick may be played with a bladder, blow it out, and warm it. Secure it with a piece of thread and it will skip about the room.

The Standing Egg. This trick is performed while holding the egg in the hand and talking to the audience. The egg is shaken several times, so as to break the yolk, which will then sink to one end, making it heavier than the other. The egg can then be placed on the glass, and will stand upright on the smooth surface.

The Wine Trick. Pour out a glass of wine, and holding the glass in your right hand, tell the company that you will drink the wine, through as many persons as can grasp your arm shall be at liberty to prevent you raising the glass to your lips. When your arm is seized by the company, make a pretence of struggling to raise the glass to your mouth. Then rapidly take the glass from the right hand into the left and drink the wine.

How to See a Hole Through a Solid Stone. Make a funnel of a sheet of paper, leaving a small opening the size of a pea at the thin end. Place the larger opening to the left eye, keep both eyes open, and hold a stout book or a piece of stone in the right hand a short distance from the left eye, and a hole will appear through the book or stone through which objects can be distinctly seen.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkeness by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The recipe came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing; at last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor—although he had been for many years led captive to a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 20 grains; magnesia, 40 grains; peppermint, 44 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 4 drachms. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.

The Indiana University has dropped Greek and Latin.

Bric-a-Brac.

FUNERALS IN MEXICO.—A lady writes from Saltillo that at whatever hour a person dies in Mexico, it is customary to appoint the funeral 24 hours later, and that as the mortality is greatest all over the world at night the most of the funeral ceremonies in Mexico are performed at night, no women being permitted to attend. The poor hire the coffins in which their dead are borne to the grave.

SPOILED IT ALL.—A farmer went to hear the great Wesley preach upon the subject of money. "Get all you can," said Wesley. The farmer was delighted. "Save all you can." The farmer was still more delighted, and thought Wesley the most practical preacher he had ever listened to. "Give all you can." At this the farmer exclaimed: "Pshaw! He has gone and spoilt it all!"

A QUEER PASTURE.—The bottom of the St. John's River, in Florida, is a vast pasture ground, on which large herds of cattle are kept in that region for forage during the winter season. These cattle feed daily and continually all day on the grass that grows on the bottom. They have to put their heads under water to get it, and present a curious appearance while thus engaged, when for a minute or more they plunge in their heads, horns, and leave nothing but their backs exposed.

A FEARFUL SPELL.—According to a Kentucky paper the subjoined is a verbatim copy of notice posted on a patent gate exhibited at the Louisville Exposition, near the department occupied by the Cortecelli Silk Company:

"Evry, wun, should, see, and, try, this, lovly, gate, it, is, just, what, you, want, dont, you,

"Morne, five, hundred, sold, in, this, state, every, one, thinks, its, the, best, gate, they, ever, heirn, tell, on, git, wun."

THE BLACK CLOTH.—In a recent issue of the POST we published an extract from a New York paper which mentioned among other things that Mormon women were buried with a black veil on the face, which the husband raised on the day of judgment. A Mormon lady residing at Ashley Fork, Utah, writes us saying there is no truth whatever in the statement, and that Mormon wives are buried with no ceremonies differing in any essential respect from those in use among other denominations.

AT THE GRAVE.—Moore has omitted one of the most touching and heart-stirring anecdotes connected with the funeral of Sheridan. The noble and select company had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to departed genius, and the coffin was about to be placed in the hearse, when an elegantly-dressed personage, who pretended to be distantly related to the deceased, entered the chamber of death. At his urgent entreaties to view the face of his friend, the coffin lid was unscrewed; when, to the horror and surprise of the by-standers, he pulled out a warrant, and arrested the body! Mr. Canning and Lord Sidmouth went into an adjoining room, and paid the debt, which (it is said) amounted to $2500.

THE DAY OF DEATH.—In France, November 2 is "The Day of Death." Everybody visits the graves of dead relatives or friends, and the crowds at the cemeteries are so large that gendarmes are stationed to keep the people in line. Friends leave cards at the tombs of their friends, so the families may know who has visited the last resting-place of their loved ones. The custom of leaving cards is observed through the entire year. Most of the graves are vaults, with a little room or house over them. The door is an iron grating. Cards left there are protected from the weather, and when the family visits the place they take them and send return cards by mail, thus acknowledging the kind remembrances.

A STORK'S NEST.—Though the stork is a rare bird in our country, it is by no means uncommon in many parts of the Continent. As a general rule it frequents marshy places where it feeds on frogs, small reptiles, and the like. But it does not shun towns, in which it performs the humble but useful part of scavenger, by removing the refuse that disfigure the streets of many Continental cities. Storks build their nests in airy spots, selecting the tops of trees, spires, and even chimneys. In Holland boxes are sometimes erected for their special benefit, and a household that happens to receive the patronage of this bird is considered to be highly favored. Before leaving their summer quarters they assemble in flocks, and make such a noise that they are popularly supposed to be deliberating together—a kind of storks' parliament.

A MONARCH'S WHIMS.—Peter the Great was a half savage in his manners. He never had pleasantry enough to play a joke though some of his rudeness had a very comical effect. On his second visit to a town in Holland he and the burgomaster attended divine service, when an unconscious action of the Czar almost upset the gravity of the congregation. Peter feeling his head growing cold, turned to the heavily-wigged chief magistrate by his side and transferred the wig, the hair of which flowed down over the great little man's shoulders, to his own head, and sat so till the end of service, when he returned it to the insulted burgomaster, bowing his thanks. The great man's fury was not appeased till one of Peter's suite assured him that it was no practical joke that his Majesty had played; that his usual custom, when in church, if his head was cold, was to seize the nearest wig he could clutch.

WINTER.

BY MRS. MARY M'DONALD.

Hid in the bosom of life-giving earth,
In darkness and in silence deep and still,
The buried seed to springing roots give birth,
That fix them in the mold with firmest will;
Strong hold have they below there in the soil
Before the leaves upshoot them to the light,
And beauty crowns the deep and hidden toil
With blossomed boughs that charm the gazer's sight,—
So thou, oh soul, obscure and hidden long,
Uncared for and unknown must bide thy time,
And like the aspiring seed strike, deep and strong,
Roots that shall bear thee upward in thy prime,
So firm sustained, thou shalt the worthier be
For life's fair flower that all men honor thee.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

AH, yes, there was another—a sweet girl," Laura said. "But for her I should not have lived till you came, Evan. She threw herself into that frightful whirlpool of her own accord. It was her hand held me up. I sank, sank, sank, dragging her with me. And you saved her also. How good—how noble of you! Ah, so long as I live I shall never forget that lovely girl, with her modesty and her heroic courage. If my life could serve her I would give it to her twice over, for she is brave and beautiful."

At these enthusiastic praises Evan's heart smote him for an instant; then, by a perversity of nature, they only increased his infatuated passion for the beautiful enthusiast.

He looked at Winifred.

"Do you hear, Winifred?" said he; "she says you saved her life. And it was noble of you."

"I feared not death," was the pathetic answer given, with a settled mournfulness that touched even him, to whom she had become a restraint and a burden.

"You certainly were very near it," he said, averting his eyes.

"And this is the dear girl who saved me," continued Laura, turning on her pillow with difficulty. "It was you who saved my life. What can I say to you? Oh, if my heart could speak—that heart that would be frozen under the water but for your brave help. Oh, how I will love you for ever and ever! I have been twice saved—first by you, and then by him. Poor child, how she trembles! So weak, and yet so strong! So timid, and yet so brave! She is not simply the pretty girl I thought her, but a true angel, that held me up till you came."

Laura stole an arm over Winifred as she spoke thus from the depths of her grateful heart, and would have kissed her, but the poor girl turned away, with a heavy sigh, and closed her eyes to conceal the tears that forced their way through the long lashes.

And then Laura became exhausted, and sank again into half-slumber, half-unconsciousness.

"Come, Evan, dear, you are only doing harm now," said Lucy, anxiously attempting to draw her brother from the bedside. "Perfect rest and quiet is needed to restore them."

"And not over proper, neither, for a young man to be in the room at all," said Mrs. Herbert, who had just entered the room with some gruel. "I don't approve of it, Mr. Evan, for my child nor the young lady either. So please to leave us, now that you see they're both alive and comfortable."

"Go, dearest," whispered Lucy. "Monsieur St. Hilaire will be here soon, and perhaps he—"

Evan, with an air of impatience, shook her hand from his arm, and strode from the

He was levered and galled by the events of the morning, and even Lucy's gentle words fretted the wound.

The intimacy that seemed likely to spring up between Laura and Winifred, the noble unselfishness displayed by his "rejected wife," and the warm-hearted betrayal of her feelings by the beautiful heiress, were all equally alarming and embarrassing to the intriguing heir of the Grange.

He would fain have found Winifred less worthy of love, or had the help of Laura's indifference to enable him to make the sacrifice which his sense of right dictated.

But no, all added to his perplexities, and to the deep struggle within him.

He resumed his irregular and feverish walk up and down the large old room, this time apparently without observation, for Farmer Herbert had left the house on some urgent business, which his wife's report of their child gave him confidence to do, and Hugh Evans had withdrawn to a corner, where Evan did not observe him.

But the keen eyes of the overlooker were fixed on the young man, and his ear eagerly bent to catch the broken words that now and then escaped him.

"Curses on that wretched mill!—it has been the bane of my life!" was the first connected sentence that Hugh could make out; and fearing that, perhaps, the young man might discover him suddenly, and vent on him the wrath which evidently boiled within him, he left his corner, and addressed him.

"Bad business this, Mr. Evan," said he; "there seems a fate about that old mill. Fire and water have done their best to thin the population, eh?"

"I did not know you were so much interested in the young ladies as to remain here," said Evan, looking angrily at him. "Now they are both safe, you can go," he added coldly.

"Oh, yes," returned the man, carelessly, and not heeding Evan's last words, "I shouldn't have risked a wetting to save pretty Miss Winifred, if I hadn't had good reason. But you look all gloomy and flustered, as if you had been the cause of the mishap yourself. Mayhap they went at your wish."

"I do not understand you, Evans," said he; "and, though I am no longer your employer, I brook no insolence. If you have any business to speak of, I am ready to hear it; if not, I believe you will be wise to go at once. Monsieur de St. Hilaire will be here soon, and Mrs. Herbert will have guests enough without you."

"Oh, well, if that's the condition of my stopping. I might take up the time a bit by telling you what might make you forget how time goes," said Evans; "but no—it ain't a convenient season nor place. I will call at the Grange to-night; but, in the meantime I am quite comfortable here, and till the dame tells me my room is better than my company, I'll stay."

"Insolent!" passionately exclaimed the young man, taking a step towards him, with uplifted hand.

"Fair and softly, Master Lloyd—fair and softly," said the man, sarcastically, and without moving a muscle. "There's already been enough of that kind of work, I reckon; you may repent it if you play the game twice over."

Evan started, but whether the threat would have only galled him to fresh rage, or subdued the rising passion, might have been a rather doubtful point, but just then the door of the inner room opened, and Lucy came out.

"Evan, dear," she said, "I think the doctor should be sent for; Winifred is shivering still, and as she has been so delicate lately, I am afraid of some permanent mischief."

"Nonsense, Lucy; of course it will be some time before she quite recovers," said her brother. "It would be absurd to fetch a man seven miles to cure a chilly fit—absurd."

"Evan," said she, and the tone was gently reproachful; but the young man heeded it not.

"If Miss de St. Hilaire can do without medical advice, Miss Herbert can't need it," said Evan.

"But I am not quite easy about her," said Lucy; "she looks flushed and feverish as she sleeps. Do go. You could take Dimple. He is used to carrying papa, and is very swift."

The young man made no reply, but beckoning Evans from the apartment, left the house.

"Hark ye, Evans," he said; "I am not quite so blind or unknowing as you fancy. I understand your game, and hold some cards that would soon check yours if you interfere as insolently as you seemed inclined to do just now. Take my warning; leave this house at once, and come to-morrow night, when we can talk matters over in a proper, sensible way. If not, I will have nothing to say to you, and you know I will keep my word."

Evans hesitated, and the same sarcastic, insolent expression that had crossed his face a few moments before, came over it again.

And then a change of feeling seemed suddenly to take place, and he resumed the old; respectful, business-like manner of other days.

"Very well, Mr. Evan," he replied, in a quiet tone, "I only want what is right and pleasant for both parties. I might save you a journey, sir, and go instead of yourself for Dr. Davis."

Evan abruptly declined the offer, and calling peremptorily to a lad who stood near, bade him saddle instantly the largest of the ponies.

He longed for action—excitement of some sort; his brain was fevered, and his blood boiling with the various happenings of the morning.

"Rather take master's Smiler," said the boy; "I'd match him 'gainst any horse in the county 'cept Black Bess."

Evan nodded assent, and in a few moments was galloping at a furious rate for the doctor.

"He'll break his neck, or Smiler's wind," said the lad, grinning; "I'm sorry I trusted him."

"Better the first than the last," muttered Evans, as he turned away; "and yet I can make him useful now."

Mrs. Herbert had set down the gruel as she perceived the closed eyes of both the patients, and placed it by the fire that had been lighted in the grate.

But no sooner had Lucy left the room than she heard a faint voice murmur:

"Mother."

In an instant she was bending over her daughter's pillow.

"Are you sure she is asleep, mother?" she asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Then let me go to my own bed before Lucy returns," said Winifred; "I cannot breathe here."

Mrs. Herbert had all the distaste for strangers so commonly felt by those who lead a secluded life, and she thought she understood her daughter's feelings.

"Well, be a good girl, and take half of this gruel, and you shall," she replied; "I can carry you through the storeroom, and up the back-stairs, without any one seeing you, and it will be like having a baby again; only I'm not so young as I was eighteen years ago, nor quite so strong, for the matter of that."

Winifred swallowed the dose.

She would have taken poison to accomplish her desire.

And then her mother wrapped her in one of the heap of hot blankets she had provided, and carried her up the few stairs that led to the little room Winifred had occupied from early childhood.

It was a small apartment, jutting out like a gable from the house, and neither exactly on the ground floor, nor on a level with the other one story that formed the old-fashioned farm-house.

And a neat, clean little room it was; white as snow were the hangings and curtains, and rich flowers scented the whole atmosphere, albeit no dressing-case or cut-glass bottles of perfumes stood on the little dressing-table.

Mrs. Herbert laid the girl in her bed, still wrapped in the hot blanket, and kissed her pale face a dozen times.

All the mother's love gushed out, and smothered the discontent and jealousy which restrained its full flow in ordinary circumstances.

"Mother," whispered Winifred, "do you you think—did you see them together? Do you think he—he—"

Good Mrs. Herbert kept her eyes resolutely from the half-hidden face; her native womanliness now comprehended what had before puzzled her.

"Do I think Evan Lloyd cares for her?" she said—"not a bit. She's a showy bird, and he always was caught by the eye; but for the rest, there's nothing in it. There's something wrong with the lad, but it is not that."

"But she is so beautiful—such hair and eyes."

"Not half so handsome as yours," said her mother, proudly, "though I ought not to put such nonsense in my own child's head. Still, truth's truth."

"But, mother, he saved her and left me to perish. Oh, I shall never forget that moment!"

"Silly child! as if he could pick and choose as he dashed into the water, and wouldn't take the first one that came," said her mother; "and then I dare say you screamed only once for her ten times. I'm surprised at you, Winifred; and if you were not ill, I could scold you for being so unreasonable and touchy."

Never was any one more delighted to be praised than Winifred was to be scolded on the present occasion.

All the soothing in the world would not have done her her so much good as that reproof.

Her mother said he did not love another; if so, all was well.

"Perhaps he had only been trying me when he said those cruel things," thought the poor girl; "or it might be that he was harassed and vexed, and that made him cross."

Oh, how thankful she was that she had not betrayed him, even in her almost delirious agony; and how could she be so ungracious to Miss St. Hilaire's warm-hearted advances?

"Was he cross, mother?"

"Cross—why how can you say such a thing?" said her mother.

"I turned my face away twice, and would not give her my hand when she reached for it," said Winifred.

"Well, what of that?" said Mrs. Herbert; "lips and hands belong to the owner, according to my idea. There was no harm in not kissing a person you had never seen but once in your life."

"Still, I am indeed sorry," said Winifred.

"Well, well, we can make it up to-morrow," said her mother. "Now, go to sleep; or, at any rate, lie still. The doctor will be here soon."

"Oh, no, no, I don't want a doctor; he cannot do half as well as you can," said Winifred. "Promise me he shall not come up and spoil all."

There was no resisting this flattery.

If Mrs. Herbert had one weakness more than another, it was that of believing herself a family physician of the first order; so she gave her daughter the required promise without more contest, and went down stairs to heat the remainder of the gruel, which was the crowning glory of her medical skill.

Laura was sound asleep, but nothing could prevent Mrs. Herbert from tempting her also with the cordial.

She made so much bustle with the saucepan and fire-irons, that the girl soon opened her eyes; and the good dame came forward with the pan in one hand, and a glass in the other, and, with proud smiles, emptied the gruel into it.

"Take this," she said, "and it will make you sleep like a top. In my whole life I never knew it to fail when a person was worried out. I have just given some to Winifred. She was afraid of crowding you, so I took her upstairs. There, just raise your head a little, and take a good drink. It will warm your whole blood, I can tell you."

Laura obeyed docilely, murmured a hope that Winifred was better, and then sank off to sleep again, from pure exhaustion.

While this little scene was enacting, Lucy was busily consulting with Paul de St. Hilaire, who had just arrived with the old-fashioned carriage, that was only used about four times a year, on state ocasions.

It was a painful task for her to explain the full amount of the danger that had threatened his only sister, and watch the workings of the grave features, usually so much under the command of the reserved owner.

Paul had thought it a wetting, with no other danger than damp clothes and a cold in the head.

And the calamity that might even yet hang over him was one scarcely to be thought of without flinching, even by one so self-controlled as Paul.

"Let me see her," he said. "I will not disturb her; but I cannot be satisfied that she is spared to me without looking at her for a moment."

Lucy softly opened the door, and he stole noiselessly to the bedside.

The beautiful face was still somewhat flushed, and she murmured some words from time to time in her sleep.

Paul bent down and listened.

A slight frown came on his face as he heard the first name that was breathed by his sister's lips, and then came another, that brought a smile to his grave mouth, and a look of tenderness to his dark eyes—it was his own.

"Come away," whispered Lucy.

He obeyed, after a long, lingering look at the slumberer.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, Miss Lucy," said Mrs. Herbert, as they re-entered the sitting-room together, "you'd better go back with the French gentleman. Your mother will be expecting you; and the quieter our house is kept the better. The girls will sleep now, I'll warrant, and to-morrow the young lady will be fit to go home."

Lucy remonstrated.

She would have liked to remain and help to nurse Winifred, and even Laura, who was beginning to win on her regard.

But the former had shown a strange reluctance to be left with her, and Lucy saw that Mrs. Herbert had no wish for her further presence in the house.

Paul looked anxious, and then he said, in his sweet, foreign accent:

"She will be safe with this good, kind lady."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Herbert will take care of her—and mamma may want me," said Lucy, hesitatingly.

"She would not be the only one that would miss your presence at the Grange," whispered Paul, as he led her to the carriage prepared for the sufferer. "I never knew till now, that I could find a charm in any one's presence but my sister's. Woman has hitherto had little attraction for me."

Lucy hastily jumped into the carriage, and Paul was too high-bred, too delicate to make their position more embarrassing by any further personal allusions during the drive home.

That evening did not seem long to either Paul or Lucy, though Evan was gloomy and taciturn, and Lady Lloyd frequently absent in attendance on her invalid husband, who had one of his chronic "headaches."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WINIFRED HERBERT had only sleep snatches.

A fear that the doctor might come up to her room while she was asleep troubled her greatly, notwithstanding her mother's promise.

Then, if she closed her eyes, it was to feel herself plunging down again into that troubled stream, in which huge monsters seemed waiting to devour her.

Then she dreamed of Evan—a strange vivid dream, that made her moan and weep in the midst of her slumbers.

She thought that he, instead of her mother, held the potion, and the wineglass by her bedside.

She saw his face, and knew by some instinct, that there was poison in the liquid, and that he wished her to drink it and die.

And still she was determined to drain the glass—when death came from his hands she would not reject it.

But suddenly a little child, an angel child, floated down from some invisible place, and spread its wings, delicate as starbeams, over the glass.

Reach forth her hand, or struggle as she would, that child guarded the glass, and she could not drink, even to please him.

From this dream she awoke with a start, for there was a trampling of horses before the farm-house door, and the hasty sound of feet on the step made her tremble.

It was the doctor and Evan, who had ridden at full gallop from the patient's house, about half-way from the town, where the young man had found him after some difficulty.

The horses were dripping with sweat in that warm Autumn day.

Dr. Davis was exceedingly fond of the gentle Winifred Herbert, and the idea of her danger had prevailed, when any entreaties of Evan would have failed.

He was a singular man, that Welsh doctor.

A whole fund of goodness was hidden under a blunt exterior, and his keen perception of character equalled his skill, which was very great for a secluded country town.

He was ever tender-hearted and disinterested in his attendance on the poor, the good, and the true-hearted among his patients.

But for affection, hypocrisy, or vice, he had no quarter.

And for some time past he had distrusted the son of his old friend Sir William, and his close questioning on the present occasion had not tended to increase his good opinion of the young man.

Mrs. Herbert met him at the door with hospitable offers of home-brewed ale, or the unfailing cordial.

"Pooh, my good woman," said he; "never mind the ale. What of my patients?

—drowned, or frightened to death, which is it?"

"They are both alive and comfortable, I believe," replied the farmer's wife, with the air of one confident in her own powers and deeds.

"What have you done for them?" he asked.

"Rolled them in hot blankets; rubbed them well, put hot bricks to the feet, and given them a dose of the cordial," she replied.

"All right, Mrs. Herbert; good sense, right good sense," said the doctor; "worth all the learning in the world. But what on earth did you send for me for?"

"One likes to be sure, you know, doctor," she replied. "And Miss Lucy thought there was a little fever about the girls, and as the young lady is a foreigner, I thought maybe I shouldn't understand her as well as I should my own child, and so you had better see how they are, I thought. The young lady is in our spare room; Winifred is up stairs."

"I'll go to her first," said the doctor, abruptly; "I won't let her suffer, whatever comes of it.

"Why, if I hadn't questioned young Mr. Lloyd pretty closely, I shouldn't have known Winifred had been in the water at all. He only spoke of the French lady."

"Never mind, doctor dear," said the kind-hearted old lady; "I s'pose he was anxious about her, as she's a stranger here like; but just go in and see the young lady.

"She's a nice creature after all, and so grateful to Winifred, and me too! But I don't quite like her looks, I confess."

The doctor hesitated, but after a moment's thought complied, and followed Mrs. Herbert into the sick room of the young stranger, talking to himself all the time in an undertone—a common habit of his, when displeased or perplexed about anything.

Laura had been roused from sleep by the doctor's entrance, and looked out from among the blankets with eager curiosity at him.

Her eyes shone with pleasant astonishment as she gazed on him.

The grand symmetrical head, the intelligent face, the brusque cheerful benevolence of his address, spoke at once to the warm heart of the French girl; and as he bent over her, she gave a bright smile that won on the good man at once.

"Well, my dear, so you have had a duckling," he began; "I only wonder you got out from that mill-dam—narrow chance, I can tell you.

"Never could understand why they introduced their confounded mill in our peaceful neighborhood. You've had a narrow escape, I tell you."

"I know it," said Laura, gratefully; "if Miss Herbert had not been as courageous as a hero, and as good as an angel, I must have perished."

"Then it was my pet of pets that got you out!" said the doctor; "just like her; that is—the little fool—I had no idea that she had so much strength! So little Winny saved your life! Thank God for it, young lady.

"Have you done so yet? for that weak girl must have only got strength from Him."

"I have only remembered to thank her as yet," said Laura, a little disturbed. "The shock was so great, and the exhaustion so overpowering, I have hardly felt able to think, till your voice awoke me."

"Well, well, with life, gratitude should come," said the doctor; "and I daresay it will, for you seem a sensible girl, and it would have been a pity to have lost you in the whirlpool. Shivering yet, I see; give me your hand."

Laura drew her delicate hand from its shelter, and placed it in the doctor's broad palm.

"Soft and white, soft and white," he muttered. "Can't do much useful work, I'll warrant."

"I fear not," said Laura, smiling. "I am a useless, spoiled girl, doctor, with no one but my brother to love me very much."

"And of course no one to control you?" said he.

"Control! oh no, I shouldn't like that," said Laura, with an impatient movement of the head.

The doctor pressed the hand he held with an anxious sort of concern, exclaiming once or twice, "Poor thing, poor thing!" and then began the professional part of his visit in good earnest.

"Still cold?" he asked.

"Not exactly," she replied. "A shuddering sort of chill, but not the icy feeling of real cold."—"Pain?" he continued.

"Not absolute pain," she replied, "but vague aches, as if I had been bruised."

"So you have, no doubt," said the doctor. "Mrs. Herbert," he called.

The good woman made her appearance immediately, and the doctor gave her some directions as to the decoction of certain herbs, and a cooling drink from the medicine chest, and then turned again to his patient.

"Keep hot bricks or water bottles to the feet, Mrs. Herbert, and then, my dear, go to sleep again, for I can do no more for you just now."

"But when shall I be well enough to get up, doctor?"

"To-morrow, I daresay. One good ducking should not keep you in bed longer than that."

Laura turned her cheek contentedly to the pillow and shut her eyes.

The doctor returned the hand softly into the bed, as he would have done a bird to its nest.

Then, with a smile on his kind features, he nodded to the lovely girl, who gave him a returning smile, and left the room.

Mrs. Herbert had got a jug of old October home-brewed ready for the doctor when he came out, and, without asking leave, poured him out a glass, bright and clear, and frothy as champagne.

The good man drained it, and returned it to his hostess with a sign of approval.

"Capital, Mrs. Herbert," said he. "There is not another house in the country with such a brewing as that."

"Take another glass, doctor," she urged. "'Tis wholesome, I warrant."

"No, no—before I go perhaps," said he. "Now I'll go to little Winny. A noble girl that, Mrs. Herbert, one in a thousand, gentle as a dove, and brave as a warrior. There, I'll find my way, you've plenty to do here."

The doctor knew well his way to the young girl's apartment, for he had attended her through all those attacks to which children are doomed, and, as we have seen, she was a favorite patient of the good man's.

He knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, entered.

The poor girl was lying, half-turned from the door, and shivering painfully, with a look of terror in her soft eyes that he attributed to fever as he came to the bedside.

"So, little Winny, you have been in the mill-dam, like a precious darling little dunce that you are. Why, child, 'tis a miracle you got out. I've a great mind to keep you in bed a week for it. How can you look me in the face after such work?"

"I couldn't help it, doctor," she replied; "I had no time to be afraid. She was sinking, and—and——"

"You jumped in like a brave girl," said the doctor. "I would not have believed it of you, Winny."

"Oh, if you had only seen her eyes, doctor, and that pale, beautiful face pleading, and her senses going! Indeed, indeed, I could not help it."

"Of course you couldn't," said the doctor. "But come, let's see if you have been hurt by this crazy adventure."

He took her hand with a tenderness that had not marked his behavior to Laura, and laid his hand on the wrist.

"Child, how's this?" he asked. "Your pulse beats like a sledge hammer, either from fever or fright.

"There, don't snatch away your hand, I've not done with it yet."

"Oh, I'm not ill, doctor," she said: "only my heart beats. I only——"

"But you are not well," said he. "you are thin; and your eyes are getting large. Tell me, were you quite well before this?"

"Quite well," she repeated. "Yes—I—don't know."

"This won't do," said the doctor, shaking his head gravely.

"You're a great deal worse than the young creature I saw just now.

"Your mother should have kept you down stairs, under her own eye."

"No, no; I could not!" said Winifred. "The young lady is strange, you know. I could not breathe."

"Poor little fawn!" said he; "how earnest you look!

"Well, the young lady will be able to go away in the morning, and then we'll have you down stairs.

"And now I must go and make up something to get you strong again."

"But I am already strong," said Winifred.

"My dear, you are no such thing," he said kindly. "I must talk with your mother about you. Girl-like, you've been pining about something."

Winifred could not restrain her tears.

"Come, come, cheer up, my pet," he continued. "I won't frighten your mother, you may be sure; and we'll soon get you well.

"To-morrow I'll look in again as I pass, and see you and your friend. So now, keep quiet, and drink what I give you."

Dr. Davis went down stairs and returned to the room, where the mother was anxiously expecting him.

"Well, doctor, how is she?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"Oh, she'll do well enough," he replied. "Give me your chest there, and a bottle. There—now then the bottle. Not very strong, lately—eh?"

"Who, my Winny?" she asked.

"Yes," said the doctor; "a little nervous, eh?"

"Why, yes, rather so, doctor; nothing much the matter, but down-hearted and languid like—sort of care-for-nothing; that's all."

"Ah! restless, I suppose?"—"Just so," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Anxious and fidgety?" he continued.—"Yes," was the reply.

"Starts when you speak to her; ready to burst out crying, eh?"

"Yes, and does it, too, if you speak more kind than usual; she can't bear petting, doctor; and that puzzles me."

"Hum—yes, I see," said the doctor. "There, give her that every four hours till I call again.

"Fine young creature that. Visiting at the Grange, I suppose?"

"Yes, doctor. Mr. Evan brought her brother home with him from foreign parts."

"Yes—ah—I suppose he has come home too grand for simple country folk. Above visiting his old friends, Mrs. Herbert?"

"No, no, doctor. He was up here the night after he got home, just the same as ever."

"To see you and Herbert?" he asked.

"Why, yes, doctor; to see us all, I suppose."

Dr. Davis buttoned his coat, and went out rather abruptly, with scarcely a nod of farewell to the good woman.

But she knew his ways and took no heed of it.

However, as he trotted down the lane from the farm-house, the anxious expression grew deeper on his face.

"The child," said he, looking back on the peaceful spot he had just left, "is too deep in love for any medicine of mine to bring her about, and jealous too, poor thing! No wonder.

"The scoundrel dragged out the showy French girl, and left the little one to help herself—the hound!"

All unconsciously the doctor lashed out his whip, and it came in contact with the spirited mare on which Evan Lloyd still sat, waiting for the exit the doctor from the house.

Somehow, the young man cared not for close contact with the blunt old gentleman, and preferred accosting him in that position to an interview in the house.

"Well, doctor, any danger?" he asked, as carelessly as could bring himself to speak.

"Danger to whom, young man?" said the doctor, looking full at him; "to the French girl, with her wealth and her brilliant beauty, or to Winifred Herbert, the poor girl whom you left to sink or swim, as she could?"

"I am not responsible to you for either my actions or my feelings, Dr. Davis," replied Evan.

"But you will be responsible to God for this day's work, young man, and for that of many another day that has gone before," said the doctor, with a sternness that was almost solemn.

Evan did not speak, but quick rage flamed into his eyes, and left his quivering lips pale as the white teeth that showed between them.

He lifted his long whip, as if to lash the physician, but the blow fell with violence on the horse he rode, which gave a wild leap sideways, and nearly unseated the young man, whose rage then vented itself to the utmost.

Drawing the reins tight with one hand, he pulled a savage violence at the mouth of the noble animal, who reared, plunged, and shook his head in vain, till the blood fell from his torn lips on the bit.

At last the horse stood tame and trembling, and then Evan demanded fiercely of the doctor what he meant by standing to watch him in that way.

"To admire the extent of your humane anxiety," replied the doctor, gravely, "which will receive its reward some day. 'He that sheddeth blood, by others shall his blood be shed.' Good-day Mr. Lloyd."

The doctor rode off without waiting to see the effect of his words, or he might have been struck by the sudden pallor that came over the young man's face, and the convulsive grasp of his hand, as he turned slowly away, calling out to the man that he would send back "Smiler" in the morning.

No wonder that the brow of Evan Lloyd was clouded and his manner abstracted and gloomy during the evening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the old-fashioned carriage drove up to the Grange next day, bearing back to it the lately rescued guest, the whole family came out to welcome her.

Sir William had left his seclusion for once, and stood at the door, grave and nervous in his hurried greetings, but kind and fatherly, while Lady Lloyd shed tears of joy at the sight of Laura.

Lucy sprang out to assist in supporting her to the morning room, though Evan and Paul were there to perform the office.

Laura looked doubly interesting and lovely from her pale, subdued air of languor, more perhaps the result of thought and reflection that sprang out of the great peril she had been in, and gratitude to those who saved her from it.

Twice lately had she been near to death, twice snatched from it by the courage and devotion of others.

Life seemed doubly sweet from the contrast, and her heart was brimful of thankfulness, though, alas, that warm heart turned its gratitude rather to the erring mortal at her side than to Him to whom the first offerings of human feeling and thanksgiving are due.

That moment seemed to bring the foreign Laura de St. Hilaire more completely in intimate contact with the simple Welsh family than months of common intercourse would have done.

She seemed one of themselves—to belong to them—naturalised, as it were, by her danger and rescue.

Lucy's inmost heart likewise whispered, by being also Paul's sister, though it was in the solitude of her own little chamber that such a thought occurred, and then she blushed crimson, as if guilty of unmaidenly forwardness.

Still, Paul had looked and said what were quite sufficient grounds for the girl's instinctive certainty that she had excited feelings in his heart never there before. It would have been easy to mistake or doubt a gay, impulsive Frenchman, or flirting, impressionable Englishman.

There was a grave earnestness, a serious truth in Paul de St. Hilaire that was a pledge for the significance of his lightest word or action.

That afternoon Lady Lloyd went over to Llanover Farm alone and on foot.

There were fears in the gentle mother's mind, and a conviction that Winifred might need a more delicate hand than good Mrs. Herbert's to touch the wound and minister to the mental malady, which made the gentle Gwendaline Lloyd determine to try for admission to the sick room, so pertinaciously closed against all others.

Mrs. Herbert hesitated, even while flattered by the visit and the maternal interest displayed by the lady of the Grange, for Winifred had entreated, almost insisted, on seeing no one.

But Lady Lloyd gently passed by the portly form that stood, half reluctant to give the admission she sought, and went herself, alone and unannounced, into the spare room where Winifred had been conveyed on Laura's departure.

The poor girl was lying, white and wan, on the pillow.

An air of touching abandonment was in her whole look and attitude that went to the gentle lady's heart.

"Winifred, my child," she said, taking the small hand in her own.

A start, a thrill of fear and love, and a quick, anxious look of deprecating inquiry and then the girl turned over, and her large eyes were closed, and her long eyelashes lay on her pale cheek.

"Winny, my darling," she repeated.

There was another shudder, and the girl shrank to the other side of the bed.

"Do not turn from me, my child," continued Lady Lloyd; "you are very ill, or something distresses you very much. Tell me—what is it, dear child?

"Tell your second mother what you are suffering.

"I am come on purpose to cheer and doctor my little heroine."

"You are very—too kind," said Winifred.

"No, no, not too kind to such a brave little pet as my Winny," said the lady, soothingly.

"But tell me what makes those eyes look so wild, and that cheek so white? It is not only the shock and the chill, I am certain of that, love; and surely you can trust me, to whom you have been like a second daughter ever since you were born."

"Please don't—don't speak so," said Winifred. "I cannot bear it."

"Why not, Winny? Do you not wish for my love?

"Who but your own parents can be a tenderer friend to you, or a safer, than I would?

"Why, even Lucy and Evan seem scarcely more my own children than you do."

The girl gave a low cry, and seized the hand that still lay on the bed, covering it with warm kisses.

"Oh, if it were—if I were your child—your acknowledged lawful child," she sobbed; "you are so good, so beautiful. Oh, if—if——"

Lady Lloyd seated herself on the low couch, and half-forcibly, half-tenderly raised the slight form in her arms, and pillowed the drooping head on her bosom.

"Winifred," she said, in her soft, low tones, "you can surely trust Evan's mother; and it seems to me that your poor little heart is bursting with a secret grief, that would lose half its bitterness if it were confessed.

"Confide in me, my pet—my darling—my little shy birdie."

The kind mother of Evan pressed soft kisses on the cheek of the young creature, whom she more than suspected was pining her life away for the sake of the son whom, with all his faults, she still half idolized.

"Tell me, Winifred," she whispered, "do you love Evan?"

The floodgates were now opened, and they burst forth, and the face was sheltered yet deeper in the maternal bosom that supported it so kindly—so affectionately.

"Oh so much, so much!" she whispered: "but you will hate me for being so bold, so forward. You won't be kind to me now."

"Not kind to you, my child!" said Lady Lloyd.

"I will be doubly so, if possible. What mother is angry with love for her son—and such a son!

"But tell me, darling, when was this? Did he really do it? did he win your love?"

The question recalled Winifred to more self-control.

She must not commit him, her husband.

She must be content to bear shame for his sake, rather than compromise him.

"He! oh no, no; I cannot tell when I did not love him," she murmured.

"My child, how could you help it?" said the lady; "so much as you were together, and he so handsome, and noble, and true."

"Is he? You are sure, quite sure?" cried Winifred, with a fiery scarlet spot on each pale cheek.

Lady Lloyd flushed also, but she replied quickly, "Surely I, his mother, should know, Winifred; and if you love him you will also say so."

"Oh, yes, yes," she murmured. "But—but—do think—does he——"

Again the scarlet flush deepened on the young girl's cheek, and over her brow, even to the very roots of her fair hair.

"Do I think he loves you, dear child?" continued Lady Lloyd. "Is that what you would say?"

Winifred was silent, but the hand tightened on the fingers of the lady with a painful pressure.

Lady Lloyd hesitated for a moment between the truthful conscientiousness of her nature and the gentle woman's sympathy

with that fragile girl, whose very life seemed to hang on her answer.

"My child, what can I say? I belive he does—he must love you; but, my dear, it is not always to a mother that a young man tell such secrets; and there may be causes for his reserve that we do not know. But my belief is, Winifred, that his heart is yours.

"I have watched him from your early childhood, and I think—I am sure, the boy's love deepened into the man's."

Winifred looked up now with a shy, warm glance of love and happiness, that made her inexpressibly lovely; and then came the chill doubt.

"But she is so beautiful!" she said; "he must think her so."

"Who—Miss de St. Hilaire?" said Lady Lloyd.

"Yes," replied Winifred.

"Of course he must, silly child," said the lady; "and so we all do.

"Nay, more, Winifred; his fancy may be caught for the moment by the novelty and brilliance of Laura's beauty and manner.

"But, if his love was, as I believe, yours from childhood, it cannot really change, and it is wiser to let these fancies take their way, without checking them by opposition or remark.

"Take an old woman's experience, my child, and believe that the true affection lies at the bottom of the heart, while the passing fancies are on the surface, and, if left alone, make no real impression.

"Oh how good you are!—how kind!" said Winifred.

"Oh, how you comfort me! and I have been so wicked, and murmuring, and jealous!

"Dear Lady Lloyd, will you always be good to me, and love me, even if I do wrong?"

"Poor darling!" she replied; "yes, always."

"And you do not think he really loves her?" she asked, half doubtingly.

"No, I do not," was the comforting reply.

"Now, try and sleep; and you must come and pay us a long visit when you are well again."

"Ah, I feel happy and sleepy now," said Winifred. "Yes, I am so happy," she added.

Lady Lloyd laid her gently down, and sat, murmuring words of love and holy comfort, till the regular breathing and soft color on the cheek, told that the young girl was sleeping a healthful, life-giving sleep.

After a look of sad admiration at that lovely, innocent face, Lady Lloyd stole from the room, and met Mrs. Herbert coming to see the result of that prolonged visit to the sick room.

"She is sound asleep," said the lady.

The mother burst into tears.

It was the first sound, refreshing sleep that Winifred had known since that terrible plunge in the mill-stream.

CHAPTER XX.

ARE we quite alone, Mr. Evan?" said Hugh Evans, formerly overlooker at the mill.

"Of course," replied Evan; "don't you see the room is empty, man?"

"Yes, I am not grown blind, not deaf either, for that matter," he replied; "but I think other folks may have their senses as well as myself, and they do say walls have ears."

"There are no eaves-droppers in my father's house, or they pay the penalty by what would stop their listening for one while," said Evan, glad to vent his annoyance on some one or something.

"Very likely, Mr. Evan," said the man; "I know you don't stop at trifles; but 'tis as well to prevent as to cure, or kill either, for the matter of that," he added, his eyes fixed on his late master's face with a half-fiendish smile.

"Mr. Evans, I have no time for these fooleries," said Evan, his face white with passion.

"If you have business with me, let's hear, in as few words as possible, what it is, and no insolent remarks mingled with it, if you please."

"Very well, sir; I can soon gratify you," said Hugh.

"Plain speaking's the best, and then there's no misunderstanding. I thought you might not like to hear all I could tell you about your little arrangements for the last year or so; but if you prefer it, I can begin at once."

"Insolent!" muttered the young man between his teeth.

"Evans," he said aloud, "I'm not to be either bullied or cajoled by speeches or rascally threats.

"You want something of me—state your terms; and, if they are within reason, I will, on condition that I never hear of you more, do all I can."

"Perhaps I had better just give you an idea, a sort of guarantee, that I don't, like the fortune-tellers, throw out a random guess to spin a yarn on," said Evans, with the cold, sneering tone he had preserved throughout.

"You would not like it to be known, I suppose, that you took rather a summary mode of getting a dangerous person out of your way, or that you would have no objection to get rid of another who stands in your way rather awkwardly?"

"Vague nonsense that any scoundrel could talk," replied the young man haughtily. "Anything more?"

"It would not seem very vague with the proofs I could bring, Mr. Evan Lloyd," replied the man.

"Do you remember visiting the mill on that fatal afternoon? Do you remember that dark midnight ride the morning before your mill was burnt to the ground? I am surprised that you like the deeds of those two days to be brought to public view!"

"It is false; false as the black heart that spread the foul libel!" exclaimed the young man, fiercely grasping the man's uplifted arm.

"That curate has been prating old woman's tales, but he shall be taught to hold his tongue where I am concerned. And as for you, sir, begone! I am not to be imposed on by such transparent extortion. Leave the room, I say."

"And go straight to the young French count, and tell him that the gentleman who is courting his sister is——"

Hugh Evans bent forward, and whispered two or three words in the young man's ear.

Evan started back.

His utmost self-control could not altogether subdue the shock those words conveyed.

"She shall rue it!" escaped from him before he was even aware that his feelings had found vent in spoken words.

"Nay, nay, be just, Mr. Evan," said the man; "she's as innocent as Miss Lucy herself; don't blame her, any way."

"'Tis false! no one else could have invented such a tale," he retorted, now better able to parry the thrusts of his companion's cool fencing.

She neither told truth nor invented falsehood. Mr. Evan; neither the one nor the other passed her lips, so far as I know. And what's more, I don't mind telling you, I tried her pretty severely many months ago."

"You! you!—how dared you?—why, how——"

The words nearly choked the infuriated young man as they came, thick and eager, from his closed lips.

"Yes, I, Evan Lloyd," replied Hugh; "and as to daring, I cannot exactly see any great courage in asserting the rights of a poor, weak young creature like that. The 'why' I can soon tell you. Because I love her myself, and mean to make her my wife at the first opportunity."

Evan sprang up and rushed like a tiger on the overlooker, who just darted aside in time to avoid a blow which would have stretched him on the ground.

All the love that his mother had justly conjectured, still lingered in his heart for the beautiful girl.

The proud indignation that a man like the one before him should dare to love, to think of marrying the woman he himself had deemed worthy of his choice, boiled up in his veins, and extinguished for the moment every other ambition, or policy, or dream of passion which had lately engrossed him.

"Scoundrel! villain!" he cried; "say that again, and——"

"Oh, very well, Mr. Evan; then I'll close our little business at once," said Evans, whose rage was only betrayed by the livid paleness of his lips and cheeks. "You prefer, I see, to fulfil your engagements, and consider it quite enough reward to have 'love in a prison.' I wish you good-night."

Hugh Evans walked slowly, very slowly to the door.

His hand was on the handle, it actually turned the lock, ere Evan gave any sign.

Then came the word, hoarse and thick, "Stop!"

"Are you going to be rational, young sir?" said the man sternly. "I'll brook no more such wild-beast antics."

"Then do not provoke me too far," said Evan, whose paroxysm of rage seemed to have died away in a sort of exhausted, sullen apathy.

"I tell you what it is," resumed the overlooker bluntly, "you have done what you would give your right hand to undo and be a free man again; and yet when a friend comes forward and gives you a fair chance, you start like a horse at a shadow or a bull at scarlet, and shy, and rage, and turn on the man that would help you.

"'Tis the way of the world; but these vagaries don't do in serious matters; and if we're to do business, it must be quietly, and on equal terms."

Evan walked to the window, and stood for a few moments, the cool evening air blowing on his fevered brow, though it had little power to still the volcano of passion within.

Just then the tones of Laura's rich voice, gaily singing one of the songs of her native land with the archness and brilliancy that gave such a charm to all she did, came on his ear.

The wavering balance was again turned by that trivial incident.

It were madness to give up that beautiful, gifted girl, with her adjuncts of birth and wealth, and deep love for himself, for the sake of the obscure yeoman's daughter, lovely and gentle though she might be.

And then the awful risk, nay, the certainty of disgrace, if not punishment, in any other case.

Evan Lloyd never thought of the simple, unerring, but most difficult rule of conduct, that does right at any risk, and leaves the issue to Him that ordereth all things as it pleaseth Him in heaven and on earth.

He turned and and sat down, motioning Hugh Evans to a chair near himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVERCOME evil with good.

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

THE tortured listener could bear no more; he drew his coat-collar up about his neck, although the day was close and sultry, and hurried home—home to the place where brave Nettie kept her patient watch by the sick-bed of the murderess.

The murderess!

It wrung his very heart to use that word even in his inmost thoughts respecting proud beautiful Nora, of the girl who lay in a merciful unconsciousness, fighting for the life that would be an intolerable burden were it hers—which, as it was, was forfeit the law.

At first Nettie had nursed her night and day fearing to summon even a doctor to her aid, lest in her delirious ravings the secret that must at all costs be kept should be revealed; but soon he saw that fear was vain. Nora babbled indeed incessantly; the parched lips never ceased to murmur, the hot head tossed for ever on the pillow in a very frenzy of scorching pain; but her thoughts took a great backward leap into the regions of the past—they were all childish troubles she bewailed in her weak heart-broken incessant cry.

Crissy had tyrannised over Vance, had teased her, something was wrong—she could not remember what—her mother only could help and understand her, and her mother was dead.

Never once did Lord de Gretton's name pass her lips, never once did she speak of Arthur Beaupre or her innocent ill-starred love; wild dreamy fancies, baby troubles in horribly grotesque contrast with the real perils that environed her—these were Nora's only thoughts while every newspaper in the kingdon rang with her name, and all the detective skill of England banded itself together to track her down.

The doctor, whom for appearance sake, Nettie was at last forced to call in, pronounced the case one of brain-fever, and looked very gravely at the anxious nurse, as he asked if she knew what trouble had lately weighed upon the patient's mind.

Nettie's courage almost failed her, so keen and searching was the old man's look; but fortunately at that moment the heart-broken "Mother, mother!" came from Nora's lips, and brought with it an idea.

"Her mother is dead," she faltered; but the good man fell easily into the trap.

"Poor soul!" he said, touching the hot head gently. "Intense grief, or strength broken down by long nursing, I suppose. Some daughters do take these things to heart, I know. Well, good day, Mrs. Vansittart; don't wear yourself out—better have a nurse!"

"No—that is, yes! I will see about it," Nettie said hurriedly; "but, Doctor Hudson, is it a very serious case? Will she die?"

The doctor looked a little surprised at the sudden break in Nettie's soft voice, but answered gravely:

"Brain-fever is always serious, generally fatal. If she does rally, she will owe her life to you."

The words were even truer than he thought.

"Better that she should die, Nettie," Vance said sadly, when his wife told him all that had passed, "better that she should pass away in this merciful madness than wake to such a realising horror as her a terrible must be!"

Strong and unselfish as Vance Singleton had shown himself, his strength and manhood had broken down under the terrible strain.

He was only flesh and blood, not fine-tempered steel like Nettie, and he felt that night that he could bear no more; the meshes of the net were closing around them, the pursuers were upon their track, escape seemed hopelessly impossible.

Losing heart and courage, he rested his head upon his folded arms and sobbed like a woman or a child.

In a moment Nettie was kneeling beside him, her arms round his neck; she raised his head, and made him look into her face; and, in its sublime faith and womanly tenderness, the face of the little actress was as the face of an angel in that moment.

"No, dearest Vance"—gentle as the voice was, it thrilled like a trumpet-call to duty, making the man blush for his own breakdown—"hope still, for, when we lose hope we shall lose all. If it please Heaven to take Nora, we shall know that she has found peace; but if she is spared——"

"To what a waking!" Vance broke in, with a shudder. "Nettie, I dare not think of that!"

"Do not, dear," she said gravely; "trust and wait. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. Something tells me that our darkest hour is here; and that morning is at hand."

He kissed the sweet earnest face, and let a little comfort steal into his aching heart. If the dawn tarried still, some silver star of hope had pierced the sullen blackness of his sky.

CHAPTER XVI.

NETTIE proved a true prophet.

The morning brought news that, while it seemed a very mockery of the watchers' fears, robbed them of their worst sting, and set them comparatively free.

Suspicion, it seemed, had from the first moment pointed to suicide as the only logical sequence to Lady de Gretton's mad act; and when, a fortnight after the murder, the body of a young woman in an altogether unrecognisable condition was washed ashore at the very foot of the cliff on which Mr. Dalmayne's cottage stood, every one was well pleased that it should be identified as Nora's and the astoundingly sensational romance be brought to a termination at once dramatically satisfactory and complete.

The police were delighted to be justified in their theory—Lord de Gretton's family pleased that the disagreeable publicity caused by the matter should end; and even the newspapers were fain to admit that they had made the most of the nine days' wonder mercifully vouchsafed them in a vacant time.

A few more paragraphs anent the Coroners' inquest and the funeral—at which, to the scandal of many and the comprehension of a few, Arthur Beaupre's mother was present—a sentimental leader or so, and then the Stoke Vernon mystery was set aside as a thing done with and forgotten. At last Vance and Nettie dared look the future in the face, at last they were free to act.

Immeasurable as was the relief that this thought gave them, there was a ghastly unreality about it too; for did not their new freedom come through Nora's supposed death, and was not Nora slowly but surely struggling back to life?

She was to live; the doctor gave that assurance unhesitatingly now.

But her mind was clouded still.

She opened her great gray eyes on life with the innocent trusting wonder of a child; her memory seemed an absolute blank for the first few days after the fever passed away, and even when it slowly wakened it brought her no images of pain.

"You are Vance," she said, looking wistfully from the young man to Nettie one day; "but this is not Cristine."

"No, Dear; Cristine is not here."

"I am glad." She dropped her head back, with a sigh of content. "Cristine is not kind—but you? What is your name?"

"Nettie."

The girl flashed a warning glance across the bed, forbidding the fuller explanation Vance would have given.

"Nettie!"—Nora repeated the word with a caressing accent and a little flickering smile. "Nettie, have I been very ill?"

"Very ill, dear," Nettie answered gravely.

"And you have nursed me? Yes—I have seen your face through a mist, always kind and gentle, and very, very sad. I thought you were an angel. Were you sorry for me, Nettie?"

"Very sorry!" Nettie said, with a little catch in her breath, though she did her best to speak with cheerful composure.

Nora raised the great eyes that were filled with wistful wonder, but had no shadow of fear or of remorse to trouble their clear depths.

"But I shall get well soon. You are not sorry for me now?"

Nettie turned her head abruptly aside, unable to endure the innocently inquiring look.

The action, or some glimpse of the averted face, struck Nora like a blow—the placid face darkened and contracted, the pretty lips quivered pitifully.

"You are sorry still?" she said, in a weak excited whisper. "Then there is something more. I must try to think—must try to remember; but my head is so strange?"

"You must neither talk nor think any more at present; it is against the doctor's orders," Vance interrupted authoritatively; for the quickly growing excitement, the ominous red spot on each cheek, and the premonitory glitter in the large eyes began to alarm him.

"But, Vance," she began somewhat agitated.

"But, Nora," he answered sternly, "if you do not promise to obey me, I shall take Nettie away."

The threat had its effect.

She turned and clung to Nettie with a mutely appealing gesture more eloquent than any words.

"Hush, dear!" Nettie drew the poor dazed head, the dark silken rings of hair of which were streaked with snow-white threads, down upon her shoulder, and, stooping, kissed her thin hot cheek.

"No one shall send me from you; but for your own sake you must be quiet and patient for a few days more."

"Then she turned to her husband, and added, with gentle decision, "You may go now, Vance; she will not talk any more, and presently she may go to sleep."

Vance obeyed her.

And in half an hour's time Nettie joined him, and told him that her prophecy had been fulfilled.

"She is sleeping like a tired child, from sheer weakness, now; but her mind is wakening, her memory coming back, and then——"

"Heaven help her when she remembers all!" Vance finished moodily, as Nettie paused, with an irrepressible shiver.

"Oh, that brings me to what I wished to speak about, Vance!" Nettie said, with a relieved look.

"Sit down, dear, for a little serious business conversation."

She drew a big hassock from under the table, and seated herself at the young man's feet, crossing both arms upon his knee, and looking up into his face with big inquiring brown eyes.

"You know the offer we had to go to America, Vance?"

Vance nodded acquiescently.

Three weeks before, they had, after much consideration, declined an astonishingly lucrative engagement from a New York manager, because Nettie did not like to go so far away from her mother and Jenny.

"Well, dear, I think we will accept it. Mr. Vance has been disappointed in some people he engaged, an would gladly renew his offer."

"But your mother and Jenny?"

"But Nora?" she said quickly. "Yes, I know they will be disappointed"—with a tiny quiver of the lips, a sudden brightness in the dewy eyes, that was not hidden by the quick bright smile; "but it is not a matter of life and death with them, and it is with Nora.

"Vance, if we do not get her away from here before she recalls the past and realizes the full horror of her position, we shall never get her away.

"In her despairing agony she would ——"

"Give herself up to the police," Vance finished between his teeth. "I have foreseen that, Nettie, before now."

"Then do not let it happen; let us take her with us across the sea, where, with nothing to remind her of her—her madness, she may in time forget."

He took the little clasped hands and kissed them with reverent and grateful love.

He looked into the dear true eyes that mirrored every thought of the pure soul, and he saw that on this sacrifice that would crown her work Nettie's heart was set.

"Very well, dear," Vance said simply; it seemed foolish and superfluous to thank her, and the simplest words were best. "Stay, Nettie—there is one thing more you must consider—yourself.

"Have you reflected that Nora will not be always sick and helpless as a little child in your hands?

"When health and strength come back to her, will you not shrink from the unhappy girl, remembering her terrible past?

"Will not her presence cast a perpetual shadow on your path, and make you less happy than my bright sweet Nettie should be?"

"No." Nettie's answer came quick and clear; there was no shadow now on the little resolute face.

"To save her will make us both so happy we shall forget the rest; besides, do you think that in Heaven's eyes her madness will count against her a crime?"

"No," the young man answered, after a brief pause; then he added, with a shudder—for in truth his warnings to Nettie had been but an interpretation of his own instinctive repugnance to "the shudder of blood"—"but it is the daily companionship the perpetual remembrance, that I dread for you."

But his wife shook her bright head, and resolutely refused to share his fears.

"Do you remember, Vance, a talk we had in our old courting-days? How far back they seem now!

"You were a little ashamed of my ignorance—yes, you were, dear, and so indeed was I—and often turned the conversation on books and things about which you could give me information in an easy unostentatious fashion.

"Oh, Vance, is it possible you thought I did not taste the powder in the jam?"

She paused to smile at the conscience-stricken acknowledgment in her husband's face, her innocent triumph obliterating for the moment all darker thoughts from her mind.

"Did you see through me so easily?" Vance asked, with a laugh. "I was but a stupid and officious schoolmaster, I fear."

"Now, Vance, you are unkind; but that is not the question now.

"One night some one in the theatre spoke of Charles Lamb—and I—I knew nothing of him or of his work; but, discreetly veiling my ignorance at the time, I asked you afterwards for information. Do you remember now, Vance?"

Yes—the young man remembered very well.

But, for the moment, he did not answer, so struck was he with the strange fateful chance that had made him impress that story of all others on the girl's mind.

"I shall never forget it," she went on gently, the clear eyes growing luminous with a deep inner glow.

"You told me of his works, but those I have forgotten. You told me of his brave beautiful life, and every word sank into my heart—of his tender devotion to the sister on whom the curse of madness had fallen, the sister whose hands were red with his own mother's blood—his mother!

"Vance, think how that must have intensified the horror of his memory! You told me how, never knowing when the curse might fall again, he lived on cheerily, week after week, month after month, year after year, till youth had passed and manhood touched upon the confines of old age, with and for the doomed creature, whose unconscious crime had shut her off from all mankind.

"Vance, I think that story came to us as a lesson and a guide.

"What Charles Lamb bore alone with cheery dauntless courage we can bear together.

"And, beside his, our burden will be infinitely light."

After that Vance Singleton argued and protested no more.

Within a week the agreement with Mr. Valance was signed.

Within a month they had reached New York, and all the broad Atlantic rolled between them and the scene of Lord de Gretton's murder.

Like a child Nora had submitted to any and every arrangement made for her, content so long as she was in Nettie's presence, but silently content even then.

In the most literal fashion she had obeyed her step-brother's stern injunction not to talk, and, except to answer a question, never opened her lips—a fact that Vance rejoiced in while he remained in Glasgow and while he was on board ship.

When days and weeks passed on, and she still moved like a lovely mute about the place, he began to grow irritably impatient of a state of things that puzzled him.

"We shall never know how much or how little she remembers until she begins to speak," he said to Nettie one day; and the wise little wife answered, in her bright sensible fashion—

"Patience, dear. The longer her mind sleeps, the stronger it will be to bear the shock of waking.

"Sometimes I think that it stirs uneasily, that she recalls too much already."

The very same thought had occurred to Vance.

He noticed that, whereas Nora's physical recovery had at first been rapid and complete, she had of late fallen as rapidly away.

The wild-rose bloom that the fresh sea-breeze had brought to the softly-rounded cheek now faded to a sickly pallor, now burned in a fitful red.

The cheek itself grew painfully thin, the eyes lost their childlike lustre, and gained a strange wistfulness.

If Nora were not on the very verge of the waking agony, her health was failing very fast.

No one could look at her and doubt that.

As much as possible the young pair kept their charge from all contact with the outer crowd, the curious theatre people, in whose society it would be impossible to guard her perpetually from dangerous shocks.

As much as possible they kept her within doors, for her naturally striking beauty was rendered more striking still by the fact that the rich blue-black hair had grown snow-white, clustering in short soft rings round the young pathetically sad face.

Naturally it had not been possible to shield her from all observation, and more than one member of the theatrical company had manœuvred skilfully for an introduction to "Miss Vansittart," as Nora was called.

Nettie kept them dexterously at bay, and accounted for her sister-in-law's sorrowful abstraction by a pretty little romance of an engagement broken off by death.

"It is true, Vance," she said apologetically to her husband, "and it satisfies people's curiosity, you know."

Vance laughed, and shook his head at the little Jesuit.

But in his heart he acknowledged the wisdom of her words.

So things went on quietly for quite a time.

They had been in New York at least a couple of months before any event of greater magnitude than the arrival of home letters with news of Mrs. Clare and Jenny occurred, home-news for Vance there was none, and indeed he did not expect any, Cristine and Mrs. Bruce were at Wiesbaden he knew.

But he had in no way informed them of his whereabouts.

Sometimes his conscience stirred a little uneasily with the thought that he was treating his mother with unnatural indifference.

But to meet her would be to meet Cristine.

And, knowing what he knew of her, remembering the cold-blooded cruelty of her volunteered evidence, he felt that he could not face his sister just then.

So the autumn slipped away, and the winter was with them, when, one day, coming back from an early rehearsal, they found Nora stretched like one dead on the ground, with an English newspaper locked in her rigid clasp.

With a sharp little cry of distress, Nettie raised and tried to restore her to consciousness, while Vance mechanically drew the paper from the cold stiff fingers that clutched it with so despairing a grip.

"She has seen something, Vance; what is it?"

Nettie looked back eagerly over her shoulder, but never paused in her occupation of chafing the cold fingers and bathing the pale brow.

Her husband did not answer immediately.

His eyes rested on a long paragraph headed with Arthur Beaupre's name.

"What is it?" the girl repeated a little impatiently; and with trembling and uncertain utterance Vance read the story aloud.

He could find no words of his own; it was a relief to fall back on the reporter's stereotyped phrases.

"Our readers will be interested to learn that Captain Arthur Beaupre of the—th Hussars has volunteered for service in Burmah, where trouble is daily apprehended. This gallant young officer, whose name has been twice brought prominently before the public within the last year, once in connection with his long captivity in Zululand, and again in romantic connection with the De Gretton murder, has only recently recovered from a long and dangerous illness; but, with the chivalric gallantry of an English soldier, he is too eager for the fray to rest even until his strength is fully restored. We are sure the best wishes of all who know him, and who know the painful trials through which he has recently passed will accompany this distinguished young officer upon his new campaign."

Vance dropped the paper and looked across the room.

Nora still lay white and still, as though her troubled spirit had indeed found an eternal rest.

Nettie was almost as pale, and there was a sorely troubled look in her eyes.

"She has remembered!" she said, in an awe-stricken whisper, while her compassionate tears fell thick and fast on the cold lifeless face.

"Oh, Vance, how calm she looks! It seems cruel to bring her back to life again."

It was long before the kindly trance of peace was broken, long before all efforts served to rouse Nora from the swoon that once that she had escaped from all her troubles.

When she did awake at last, Heaven alone could help and comfort her, for she remembered—all!

CHAPTER XVII.

"TELL me all, Vance!" Nora cried, when her senses woke.

The anguish of such a waking might well have turned the strongest brain and broken the stoutest heart.

But, when the first wild rush of memories was past, the girl grew strangely calm, but the unutterable agony of a lost soul seemed, to Vance Singleton's fevered fancy to look through the great gray eyes.

No wonder that the young man grew white as a fainting girl!

The task she set him might well appal the bravest.

"I remember Arthur left me," she said, pressing both hands to her temples, and looking up with a hunted desperate gaze that made Vance's kind heart ache. "I remember that we had a quarrel; and then I remember Lord de Gretton, dead.

"Oh"—the gray eyes dilated and darkened horribly—"I can see the blood—his blood—still on my hands, my dress, everywhere!"

"Hush, Nora!" the young man broke in, with almost savage sternness, for the girl's voice rose to a shrill hysteric scream, and her words even now were fraught with a hideous peril, might even now consign her to a doom of which the mere thought turned him cold.

But his heart ached for the lost creature with the snow of winter on the graceful girl-head, and all Cain's anguish burning in the young heart and looking through the lovely haggard eyes.

"If only they need not speak those words," Vance thought, with painful passion—"the fatal words that would blister their lips in passing, and make them shun each other's gaze for ever after!"

"Nora," he said more gently, taking the hot hands id his, and drawing the girl down upon the couch beside him, "my poor dear Nora, do not speak any more of the terrible things that have been.

"Think that for a while trouble crazed you, and, now that the madness has passed ——"

He paused, hardly knowing how the to end the sentence, to say, "Forget, and be happy," would be too cruel a mockery; and yet——

Nora looked at her step-brother, a shade of bewilderment in her gaze.

Evidently she did not follow his argument to its logical termination.

How Vance wished that Nettie were there to help him with her quicker and more potent pleading!

But Nettie was out, and in her absence crisis so long foreseen and dreaded had come.

"I must speak, or I shall go mad again!" Nora persisted, with a passionate ring jarring all the old melody of the soft pretty voice.

"I think and think, but I can call back nothing after that.

"It is as though a curtain thick and black and impenetrable dropped between the two halves of my life."

"Do not raise it," Vance said hoarsely, looking away from the poor pleading eyes, for he began to doubt whether in truth she did remember all, whether she did not think that sorrow alone lay in her past, and not that which he shuddered to recall. "Do not raise it, Nora," he pleaded, with a sort of desperate energy; "for your own sake, for all our sakes, let things rest as they are."

She looked up—Vance will never forget that look, its dumb agonized pleading, its struggle for submission, and then the sudden break down, the wailing tortured cry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUITE a number of ladies of Chicago and vicinity, who in their girlhood enjoyed the advantages of collegiate instruction, are organizing for the promotion of the cause of woman's higher or better education. The movement is worthy the co-operation of all good men and women, but we respectfully suggest that the term "higher education" should comprehend within its scope not only instruction in mathematics, in the classics and in the fine arts, but also in those equally important practical branches which will prepare young women for the duties and responsibilities of domestic life. The home is woman's kingdom, and to qualify her to administer its affairs intelligently, tastefully and happily, should be one the chief objects of her early and higher education.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation.

Scientific and Useful.

MUCILAGE.—The following is the formula for the mucilage said to be used on the United States postage stamps: Dextrine, 2 ounces; acetic acid, 1 ounce; water, 5 ounces; alcohol, 1 ounce. Add the alcohol to the other ingredients when the dextrine is completely dissolved.

STEEL NAILS.—Steel nails are now made. They can be driven into hard as easily as into soft wood. They have even been driven into a white oak knot without bending. For hard wood flooring, for boxes, house-building, and every kind of carpentery, they are being largely used.

LEATHER WHEELS.—The wheels of railway and other cars are now made of leather in France. Untanned buffalo-skins are cut into strips, and these are built into solid discs and strongly compressed by hydraulic presses, then bound with two iron rings. A wheel of this kind is noiseless, resists shocks, and is not liable to fracture on a journey.

A PAPER SHIP.—A vessel constructed of paper was recently launched at St. Petersburg. She is driven by steam, and is 25 feet long by 5 feet wide amid-ships. Her draught is remarkably small, owing to the buoyant character of her hull, and she is particularly well adapted for shallow waters. The United States Government have also ordered several torpedo launches with paper hulls.

WIRE GAUZE INSOLES.—Two layers of wire gauze one above the other have been used as an advantageous substitute for felt, rubber or cork insoles. The gauze is placed above the outsole and covered with canvas or leather to keep the stocking from touching it. The meshes of the gauze enclose air which is an excellent non-conductor of heat and the metal does not harbor the moisture of the outer soil in wet weather, or the perspiration of the skin.

THE TELEGRAPH.—An officer in a Russian regiment of sappers has invented an instrument for the certain and easy interception of telegraph messages in time of war. The wire from which it is desired to steal a dispatch is cut and promptly joined to a small box containing the new machine. It then immediately transmits the message to a roll of paper which can be read upon the spot or sent to head-quarters. The box, which weighs only about seven pounds, also contains an instrument for sending false answers to the enemy.

Farm and Garden.

STORES.—When horses are compelled to remain exposed to storms at this season the use of a rubber blanket, with flannel lining will be of valuable assistance in the prevention of colds and lung diseases.

SURFACE MANURING.—Surface manuring, is especially effective on sandy soils, and a light dressing yearly is far more beneficial than heavy coatings once in three or four years. But the best results on sandy soils is when they are dressed with a compost of manure and clayey muck.

PIGS OVER WINTER.—While it may be an advantage to keep young pigs over winter in order to obtain hogs of large size next season it is not always profitable, unless extra care be bestowed in supplying liberal food and warm quarters. The spring pig makes an animal of fair size and at less expense.

FRUIT.—Cellars in which fruit is stored between picking time and the setting in of winter should not be opened during the day, but the windows opened during the night when the air is cooler. The warmer air of the day has its moisture precipitated by the cold objects in the cellar, and dampness is engendered.

SALTING CLOVER.—A correspondent, writing to the *Prairie Farmer*, thinks that the good effect of salting clover is unquestionable, that it brings out the full flavor of the hay, but if too much salt be used it will be sickening. To throw into the mow great quantities of salt is to absorb great quantities of moisture, a second fermentation sets in, and mold is the result. In that condition it is nauseous to stock, and if hunger forces them to eat it, heaves and other disorders will follow.

SHEEP.—The latest most convincing argument in favor of sheep husbandry comes from Georgia. It is stated that an acre of land which in 1880 produced only 500 pounds of seed cotton, was manured only by having fifty sheep penned or confined on it twenty nights, and in 1881 the product was increased to 1500 pounds, or tripled. To increase the fertility of the soil is not the only advantage derived from keeping sheep. They are remarkably serviceable in devouring briars, bushes, weeds etc., which otherwise are a nuisance upon the farm.

UTILIZING CARCASSES.—It has been found by M. Pasteur that the bodies of cows and sheep which died of contagious diseases, when buried in the ground may yield germs of the disorder, which are brought to the surface by worms. A more efficacious and economical mode of dealing with such carcasses has been proposed by a French chemist. It is to dissolve the entire carcass in sulphuric acid, and then treat the resulting solution by chemical means for the recovery of salts, which can be used in manure. The plan has been tried with great success at a "usine" in France, and the profit realized on every dead sheep treated was four francs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 29, 1883.

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CHRISTMAS.

It may be that to some almost every day is so framed in a halo of golden memories or hopes, that no particular one beams with more than common brightness. Yet, while it is possible, we do not think it likely, and believe there are none who do not rejoice with exceeding joy to welcome the coming of Christmas. What heart so sad, what life so lowly, that a thought of cheer and of joy does not lighten the load when we feel that Christmas is present! Christmas meetings, Christmas dinners and celebrations keep up the memories of home, which might, perhaps, wither without the freshness of thought imparted at such reunions.

There can be do doubt that at Christmas time we are more willing than usual to listen to the promptings of our hearts, and encourage kindly sentiments toward each other. The prominent idea which fills the mind of all who reflect, and of multitudes who do not reflect, is that of a rubbing off old scores with all, of beginning again with new hopes and aspirations, and of a celebration of the compact with ourselves and the world by hospitality, good fellowship, good wishes and kindly greetings.

To children, Christmas is an especial delight. Already young hearts beat joyously at the thought of the approaching festival. Already the bright eyes grow brighter, and the innocent lips of happy children quiver and ripple into a smile, as they see mysterious packages left at the door. The Christmas tree needs no descriptive touches from our pen. Already the days and hours are being counted, until the moment arrives when the earnest young faces can catch a sight of the treasures that load its green boughs, and of the wonderful show they have been looking forward to for weeks.

In the happiness of Christmas rejoicings, let us remember "the poor we have always with us." It must be, indeed, a cold and narrow heart that cannot, at this happy, glad season, become warm and open as a blossom in spring-time. To help the poor, cheer the mournful, and make happy the dear ones of the domestic circle, by gifts, according to our means, and congratulations and kind words as our hearts prompt, are not these enjoyments the bread of life and the wine of love that strengthen the best energies of the soul?

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE London *Lancet* thinks the straining eye, the corrugated brow and fixed attention of the intellectual man is not a proof of strength, but, on the contrary, an indication of weakness. The *Lancet* says: "As a matter of fact, no man should ever knit his brow as he thinks, or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it."

—

JOHN W. MACKAY said to a reporter recently that mining is the most precarious business in the world. "You can well afford to say it," the reporter retorted, "with $30,000,000 to your credit. But did you think so in 1868, when you were pushing an ore-car in the Ophir mine?" "I knew it then only in theory; for my salary of $4 a day was always sure, and my wants very simple. You always hear of the successful miners. The men who disappear and are lost in Pauper alley are not so often quoted."

—

A DISTINGUISHED physician, whose habit is to smoke five or six cigars every evening, but none at all during the day, has long pursued the plan of not smoking at all during the month of October. His idea is, he says, to allow his system to recuperate thirty days annually. The effect of tobacco, in his case, is a slight acceleration of the movement of the heart. This acceleration becomes clearly defined by the end of every September, but ceases entirely at the beginning of November, after his period of abstinence, leaving him in good condition for another year's wrestle with the weed.

—

A NEW employment has been found for working girls in New York. In one of the leading millinery establishments a number of remarkably pretty young girls are kept in an ante-room, ostensibly employed to sew. They represent a wide variety in complexion and types of feature. When a customer wavers in deciding between bonnets, the wily clerk calls in one of these girls, and says: "Here is a head and face quite like yours, and I can show you the effect this hat would have on you." Of course, on beauty's top, the piece of millinery is bewitching, and gratified vanity quickly completes the sale.

—

A PROVIDENCE paper has great faith in the efficacy of pine branches as an antidote for poison in the respiratory organs. It says: "There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry atmosphere of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florida or Southern California. To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while if he went among the northern paradise of spruce, recovery might follow. Very probably the day will come when pine and spruce pillows will be as frequent a household appurtenance in our bleak climate as the quinine bottle has long been in the Southern and Western States."

—

No street in the world, perhaps, possesses more value to the square foot than Fifth avenue, New York, the abode of so many millionaires. The figures, as taken from the tax-books of the current year, show that the city derives a revenue of over $1,000,000 a year from this one avenue, between Eighth and Eighty-second streets. The total amount of the figures printed is $49,449,000, it being 40 per cent. less than the actual value of the property. Taxable property is supposed to be assessed 60 per cent. of the real value, at which rate the estimation of the tax department officials place the actual value of the property on Fifth avenue, not including that which is exempt from taxation, at $69,228,600. These figures, however, only take in the property from Washington Square to the end of Central Park.

—

ONE of the oddest fancies ever conceived almost, but not quite, found expression recently in Paris, where an ingenious woman made preparations for opening a *cafe* of hunchbacks of every nation. Her plan was to secure waiters and waitresses afflicted with that deformity and to carry out the central idea in hunchback furniture, decorations, china and glass. In order to secure the custom of hunchbacks, she inserted advertisements in the papers inviting people thus misshapen to a free repast on the opening day. But after she had hired the premises on the Boulevard des Capuchins, at a rental of $3,500 per annum, a disheartening lack of applicants possessing the one essential qualification compelled her to abandon the project, and her landlord was forced to bring a suit for his rent.

—

THE brain of Turgenieff is found to have weighed 2,012 grammes. The average weight of the human brain is 1,300 grammes. Turgenieff's is said to be the heaviest which has yet been weighed. Cuvier's brain is said to have weighed 1,800 grammes. There are many cases in which an extraordinary intellect has accompanied a heavy brain; but men whose mental superiority is undoubted by both friend and foe, had often brains under the average weight. The cast of Raphael's skull shows that it was smaller than the average skull; Cardinal Mezzafonti's head was but of the average size; Charles Dickens' head was rather smaller than the average; Lord Byron's head was remarkably small; Charles Lamb's did not come up to the average weight, and it is well known that at the death of Gambetta his brain was found to be smaller than that of an ordinary Parisian laborer.

—

A NEW YORK exchange a few days ago published a communication from a lady writing from this city, relative to the annoyance some ladies are subjected to by the growth of hair on the upper lip: "It is quite true," she said, "that most of the depilatories advertised are worthless, because if they are strong enough to remove the hair they will also destroy the texture of the skin. Shaving will not do, either, because it promotes a more active growth of hair. This is the remedy I have tried myself, and would it were more generally known, for I am sure it would lessen perceptibly the sum of misery in this world. Let cold cream be first applied to soften the skin, and then let every obnoxious hair be separately drawn out by the roots with a good fine pair of tweezers, in a good light, before a looking-glass. The cold cream can be applied again and will allay any irritation. The hair will re-appear after awhile, but the process can be repeated indefinitely; but once a week is often enough. I have done it for fifteen years, and I am quite sure that no one suspects me of having a moustache."

—

PAPER gas-pipes are now made by passing an endless strip of hemp paper, the width of which equals the length of the tube, through a bath of melted asphalt, and then rolling it tightly and smoothly on a core, to give the required diameter. When the number of layers thus rolled is sufficient to afford the desired thickness, the tube is strongly compressed, the outside sprinkled with fine sand, and the whole cooled in water. When cold, the core is drawn out, and the inside served with a waterproof composition. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth, and a great deal cheaper than iron, these pipes have wonderful strength; for, when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick, they will withstand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground, they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

—

IN a recently-published paper by an English doctor, on vegetarian diet, the following conclusions are arrived at: 1. The dietary of vegetarianism affords to the system, both absolutely as regards total nutriment and the relative proportions of its constituents, sufficient food for the maintenance of bodily and intellectual functions. 2. This dietary is, however, adequate for the maintenance of life, only inasmuch as the vegetable portion is supplemented by animal albumen in the form of milk and eggs. 3. This dietary, assuming that care be taken not to overburden the alimentary system, is too costly for the nourishment of large boddies of men, as in work-houses, barracks, and prisons, where the cheapest possible modes of feeding can be employed. It is, besides, an eminently impractical mode of alimentation, as for the same cost a much larger quantity of mixed and profitable food can be procured. 4. Then there arises the question, how will an organism so nourished comport itself toward disease? Experience and observations in regard to prisoners and others, living under otherwise equally favorable hygienic conditions, all point to the conclusion that on vegetarian diet the system has less power of resisting the attacks of disease.

—

THE comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will, and must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindlier and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. As we advance in years our life becomes more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds; we think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices; we catch no more the merry laughter of the children, we hear no more the notes of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle so gaily to us, rushes by unheeded; we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how at every sound the young child starts and listens. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone should not startle and pain—even depress, the sensitive little being whose harp of life, so gently and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and trilling sensitively over to the tones of such voices as sweep across it. Let us, then, speak kindly in our homes.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY ANNA MARIA.

Welcome, Christmas! joyous season!
Hail, all hail! thrice blessed morn,
When the gentle, meek Redeemer
As a child of man was born.

Seraphs, angels, saints adore him,
Sing his praise incessantly;
While archangels praise the Saviour,
Shall we mortals silent be?

Let us seek his holy temple,
With a grateful song of praise;
Sun of Righteousness, we pray Thee,
Shed around Thy cheering rays.

Guide our faint and erring footsteps
In the straight and narrow way;
When our earthly race is ended,
Call us hence to endless day.

Danger and Repentance.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I'LL not have her in the house; I tell you I will not—and with that helpless little thing whining around her, too. A pretty mess they would make of it, and where would be my quiet and comfort? Oh, I don't expect you to have any regard for me. I have never done anything to merit your gratitude and——"

"Horatio Heath."

The pale-faced woman looked up—one stern, swift glance—and then she was absorbed again in her work, and the man went on grumbling under his breath, as though he feared to rouse the indignation of his sister by any open self-assertion, and yet, could not afford to miss any possible chance of annoying her.

They were a strange pair, this brother and sister living alone.

There had been a younger brother, long ago.

A fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, the pride of the family, and to him, so report said, the partial father was going to leave his broad farm and generous store of hard money, which had grown from selling off the outlying land, when a railroad passed that way.

But the elder brother, Horatio, was strong muscled and miserly.

He already owned a good bit of land.

Hannah the one daughter, was provided for by being the heiress of a maiden aunt, and so old Farmer Heath, whose practical hard-working wife had died when the little Everett was born, made an idol of that fair-browed baby, loved and petted him beyond all reason had him educated, and as a crowning piece of extravagance and folly actually brought home a piano, and would sit for hours listening to Everett's low, musical voice and simple accompaniments, as he sung and played in the twilight.

Presently the boy announced that he was going to be married.

Horatio grumbled angrily.

Hannah turned up her nose, and wondered if she was expected to be a slave and a drudge for some fintified fool—for certainly no girl of any sense would marry such a baby.

But the father as usual took his favorite's part, and gave the sweet young wife a warm and kindly welcome.

Within a year the father died suddenly, and neither will nor money could be found in the house.

There was a thorough but useless search made.

Hannah was grim and defiant, Horatio sullen and silent, and Everett so stricken with grief at the loss of his father, that he apparently scarcely heeded the loss of the wealth that should have been his.

Horatio and Hannah chose the appraisers and all the real and personal estate was divided into three parts.

Everett was to take his portion and leave.

So they valued the old piano, and every old book and picture, dear to the boyish heart because he represented his father's love, had a fabulous price set upon it, and thus it came about that Everett and his young wife were launched upon the world with only a few pounds between them and absolute want.

The boy's pride was hurt and he went away and was heard from no more.

* * * * * *

Ten years went by, and a rumor reached the old Heath farm, that Everett was dead and his wife and child were coming back to the village for assistance.

"I suppose they might come here," said Hannah, doubtfully, and that provoked the grumble with which our story opens.

They did not live happily together, this stern-faced sister and quarrelsome brother.

Sometimes for weeks they spoke no word to each other, but a nameless bond held them aloof from the rest of the world.

Horatio Heath went down to the meadow alone to see if the fences were in order, so that he could turn the cattle in without fear of their finding their way on to the railroad.

"That wall and bank," he grumbled, "is always a-cavin' in, and I have it to mend, for they never think o' touchin' it."

He had reached the bank by this time, and was looking up at the bank on the other side.

"I wouldn't mind if it came down on to the track some day, and stopped the trains for a while, long enough to let 'em know their duty. Shouldn't want nobody killed nor hurt, as I knew on, but wouldn't mind scaring the railroad folks."

Even as he spoke, the treacherous bank, washed by the heavy rains, came slipping down, and a heavy boulder striking him unexpectedly threw him on his face.

"Help, help!" he screamed, writhing about and trying to rise, but the heavy rock held his legs firmly, the slow rush of the gravel was covering him; his head rested on the cold iron rail, and he could not move. "Help, help," he called again, and a bright little face peered over the crumbling, shelving bank.

"Are you hurt?" asked a childish voice.

"Yes, I'm hurt," he groaned. "Go for help, do, and get me out o' this."

"Oh, dear me, there comes the train," piped the little voice. "I can see it just up, up at Meadow station," and slipping, springing, stumbling down the bank came a girl about nine years old. "Where's a stick? I must have a stick. Let me have your cane?"

And snatching off her little red petticoat, she tied it to the stout walking stick the farmer had dropped, and went flying up the line in the very face of the advancing engine.

Fortunately, they saw her in time to stop the train and a strong-armed fireman picked up the little creature, as she stood trembling with excitement and exertion.

She told them of the fallen bank, just around the curve, and the man with his head on the rail.

They soon rescued the farmer from his perilous position, and found that both his legs were broken and his collar-bone dislocated.

When they were taking him home, he would have the little heroine who had saved his life, go, too, but she had slipped away, and was nowhere to be found.

Of course, in a place like that, the little stranger could not long remain hidden, and it was known all over the village, long before it reached Heath farm, Horatio Heath had been saved from a horrible death by his brother Everett's little daughter.

For Horatio Heath was raving in the delirium of a fever, and though the doctor visited him every day, Hannah asked no questions.

Suddenly waking out of a long lethargic sleep, the sick man, staring in the doctor's face asked—

"Where is that child?"

"She is down in the village," said the doctor, soothingly, not quite sure if his patient was sane even then.

"I have seen her bright eyes looking at me day and night," said the man. "I want to see her. I'll give her hands full of gold, whole hands full."

"Hadn't you better find out who she is first?" asked Hannah, ungraciously.

"I'll bring her here, if you would like to see her," said the doctor.

"Oh, I would be so glad—so glad," muttered the sick man; "I believe I can't die without seeing her once more."

So the next day the little girl stood in the sick room.

"Tell the gentleman what your name is," said the doctor.

"Lucy Heath, sir," was the reply.

"Lucy Heath! Mother's name. Who are you," questioned the sick man wildly.

"It's your brother's daughter," the doctor said, answering for the child.

"Did she come from the poorhouse?" he asked with a vague stare.

"No, sir," she answered, promptly. "My mamma came home to visit her folks, and papa had told me so much about the hill and the daisies that I went up there to find some, and I found you."

"But your father is dead," persisted the sick man, "and you are very poor."

"My father is a teacher, and he's not dead," was the reply.

But Horatio Heath had met with a change of heart while he struggled there between life and death, with the horrible sound of the coming train ringing in his ears.

And he would not be satisfied until he had brought his brother back to the old place and shared his wealth with him.

"I cannot accept as charity what I believe should have been mine by right—an equal share in our father's possessions," wrote this proud, hardworking man, and so, to settle the question, the property was divided once more and the money mysteriously discovered.

Hannah's cold face grew brighter after this, but only once she said—

"It was not doing us any good. I'm glad it's all being used, Horatio."

CARDS.—"The idea that cards were invented to amuse Charles VI. of France, is all nonsense," says a recent writer in a Cincinnati paper. "The Chinese have always had cards. The savages of America gamble and take their losses with philosophic composure. The Greenlanders have a sort of primitive wheel-of-fortune. It is a board swung on an axle, and, when turned around the one before whom it stops, sweeps the pot. The negroes of Africa use shells for dice. The Romans were votaries of the fickle goddess Fortune. Catiline's army was made up of gamesters. Theodoric, the Gothic king, amused himself with dice, was eager only for victory, and then it was that his courtiers petitioned for favors. The German that Cæsar describes and Tacitus commends the courage, of staked their liberty on the throw of a dice, just as the Neapolitans many years after did, selling themselves into slavery if they lost. The Spaniards have been and are to this day great gamesters."

THERE is no other factor in human happiness that can rival a cheerful temperament and the ability to look upon the bright side of every question and situation. A case in point: A friend of mine recently boarded for a short time at a house not noted for the richness or bountifulness of its fare. When asked how he liked it he said: "Well the toothpicks are about the best I have found this season."

His Christmas Fortune.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

IT was a bitter Christmas-tide.

A sharp sleet had been falling, and a bleak north-east wind was driving furiously along, almost taking the breath away from those luckless travelers who happened to be exposed to it.

One small grocer's shop at the corner of a back street in the little town of Callerton seemed the special object of its vagaries and it banged the shutters, and shook the windows, and whirled in such blinding clouds of sleet, that the owner, Jacob Blunt, had taken refuge in a snug little back parlor, wherein sat Mrs. Blunt, or Bessie Blunt as her friends called her, the cheerfulest, neatest, nicest wife in all the eastern counties.

At least so Jacob said and thought, and there was no one foolish enough or hardy enough to contradict him.

It was almost dinner-time, but there seemed no preparations for it, and Bessie was nursing the sole hope of the family—a fat, chubby infant,, now six months old.

"Jacob, dear," said she, as he entered the room, "just hold baby a minute, while I put the cloth on the table."

Jacob mechanically held out his arms and took the rosy little child from its mother, who began to bustle about, intent upon making up for lost time.

"What's for dinner, Bessie?" he asked as he walked gently up and down with the baby in his arms.

"Why, only the cold mutton from yesterday, Jacob. There's not much, I'm afraid," she continued, as she placed the remains of a cold shoulder on the little table, "but 'tis as much as you'll eat, and I dont want any.

"I had some lunch; and besides, I've done some beautiful roast potatoes, and I'm so fond of them you know."

Jacob did know, but he knew too that the little woman ought to have something better than roasted potatoes for her dinner, with that great boy to nurse. But he was used to her loving fictions.

Anything would do for her, or nothing, so that her Jacob had enough.

"And what's for dinner to-morrow, Bessie?" was the next question.

"To-morrow!" said Bessie, and opening the oven door to see how the potatoes were progressing. "Oh you greedy man! Why, to-morrow's Christmas day, isn't it, and you know we always have roast beef, don't we? I made the plum-pudding this morning."

"I wish I was rich, Bessie, I do," broke out Jacob after a long silence; "we'd have such a Christmas dinner!—roast turkey and sausages, or boiled and oyster sauce. Which do you like best, Bessie—boiled or roast?"

Bessie put on a grave look as befitted the occasion, and considered, and then replied, "Well, I don't know that I ever tasted turkey, Jacob. I have fowl, I know, and sausages; but I suppose that's different."

"Very different, Bessie" said he. "Well I think, on the whole, 'tis best roasted. Then we'd have something else: a-piece of beef, or a goose perhaps, and plum-pudding and custard, and lots of mince pies."

"Oh, Jacob how extravagant!" said Bessie.

"Not if I could afford it, you know," said Jacob; "and I'd do such a deal of good if I'd a lot of money, Bessie. I'd settle an annuity on poor Tom Prince—cousin Tom, you know; and I'd give Dick's widow a good round sum to set her up in business, or a boarding-house or something. I shouldn't miss a thousand pounds then, Bessie. And I'd ask all the old woman to dinner in the servants' hall (we should have no end of a house then), and the children to tea and buns. Wouldn't it be jolly?"

"Well I daresay it wou'd," said the little woman cheerily; "but it isn't likely to happen, that's one thing. So come and sit down, and I'll take baby."

Jacob sat down, and turned over the bare-looking bone before him.

"I am sure you'll find enough" said Bessie, anxiously, "just under there; look! there's quite a nice lot."

"To be sure, so there is," said Jacob, making sundry ostentatious flourishes with the carving-knife. "Here, have this; there's more than I shall eat."

Bessie stoutly refused, and made a great show of enjoyment over her roasted potatoes, whilst Jacob scraped the mutton bone, and then lay back in his chair with a very good imitation of being quite overpowered by the hearty dinner he had eaten.

"Well, 'tis all very well," said he, when his wife had put the baby in his cot, and began to bustle about the room again, "but it won't do for me to bask here all day. That boy'll be helping himself to the raisins or some mischief."

So Jacob opened the door that led into the little shop, and took his place behind the counter.

It was colder than ever, and everybody who passed went briskly along, as though anxious to get back to a comfortable fireside as fast as they could.

But except the girl from the Red Lion for a pound of currants, and a poor old woman for a quarter of an ounce of tea, no one came to Jacob's shop.

So after he had looked up and down the street half-a-dozen times, and tied up a few packets of tea and sugar, he took off his apron, put on his hat, and went out for a stroll.

It was only a by-street where Jacob lived and very different from the Market Square, as it was called, where the principal inn and most of the best shops were.

Jacob walked slowly on, casting a scrutinising eye at the huge piles of fruit, sugar, and spices, so temptingly displayed in the grocers' windows.

There were bright-looking evergreens too, with their glowing bunches of scarlet berries, making the polished windows like perfect fairy bowers of good things.

"Now, I never thought of that," said Jacob to himself, "nor 'A Merry Christmas' in nutmegs; and Bessie's got no ivy and holly, and I'm sure she'd like a bit, to say nothing of the shop. I know where to get some, and 'tis not far. I could easily be back by tea-time.

After another criticising survey of the whole arrangement, Jacob stepped on at a quicker pace, and soon left the little town behind him.

Now, the place to which Jacob was bound had long acquired a ghostly reputation, possibly from having been the site of an ancient burying-ground: at least human skulls and bones had been so often turned up there that it was now allowed to become a complete waste, and the hedges, long grown wild, were dotted here and there with fine old trees of richly-berried holly.

Jacob trudged on, the keen wind meeting him with such force that it almost brought tears into his eyes.

However, he was in that peculiar state of mind called a brown study, and sturdily held on, only turning sharply around now and then to break the force of the blast, which seemed to grow fiercer and fiercer every moment.

Just as he came within sight of the spot he was bound for, the church bells suddenly struck up a merry peal.

"Ah, there you go," he muttered, "ringing away as if all the world were as merry as you are. You wouldn't though if you'd a wife and a little child, and next to nothing coming in."

As he said this, Jacob vaulted over a low stile, and skirted the hedge, till he reached the place where the largest hollies grew.

There they were with their shining scarlet bunches, and the dark glistening leaves clustered around them, like coral beads in a velvet casket.

He took out his knife and began cutting away at the best and largest branches he could find, and still the bells went on ringing.

"Now, if I had been Dick Whittington," said Jacob, "I should have heard those noisy bells ring out a different tune: 'Turn again, Jacob, Lord Mayor of London;' and it doesn't sound bad either. Who knows? Perhaps I may be some day."

Gathering up his bundle of holly, Jacob commenced tying it together.

"If somebody would only leave me a lot of money," he continued, after a pause, pulling the string with a vicious jerk, "I'd give ten years of my life to be as rich as Dick Whittington was."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the wind, which had nearly subsided broke out again with redoubled fury, and in the wailing gust that swept past him he fancied he heard the sound of laughter.

He was by no means superstitious, so what it was that made him hastily grasp his bundle, and quickly clear the space between him and the stile I cannot tell.

However, he soliloquised no more, but made the best of his way home, which he reached just as his wife was setting out the tea things.

"Goodness gracious, Jacob!" she exclaimed, as he took off his hat, "how white and scared you look! What is the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," replied Jacob, stoutly; "'tis the wind, that's all. Here take the holly," he said tossing the bundle on the table as he spoke.

"Oh, what beautiful berries!" said Bessie looking at it with admiring eyes. "Wherever did you get it, Jacob?"

Jacob suddenly opened the door, and darted back into the shop as though he had not heard the question.

That night Jacob had a curious dream.

He fancied he was at the old burying-ground again getting holly, and just as he had cut the first bunch he heard a voice call "Jacob! Jacob!"

He turned round and saw by the waning light the figure of an old man clad from head to foot in a complete suit of grey, with a queer conical cap on his head.

"I heard you last night, Jacob," said the figure, "and 'tis a bargain. Ten years of your life, remember, to be a rich man: rich as a Jew, Jacob. Shake hands upon it."

Then the old man held out a long, thin, shadowy hand, looking as grey as his dress; and as Jacob shudderingly placed his own within it, the bony fingers closed upon his with such a grip that Jacob screamed with pain, and awoke with a violent start that made Bessie ask whatever was the matter.

Do what he would, Jacob could not quite rid himself of the nervous, uncomfortable impression left by his dream though he was ready to call himself all the blockheads imaginable for being so fanciful.

Just as they were sitting down to breakfast, a loud single knock resounded through the house.

"What's that, Bessie?" said Jacob, turning quite pale.

"The post I daresay," replied Bessie, "though I'm sure I don't expect a letter. Perhaps somebody's sent you a large order," she said, laughing, as she went to answer the door.

Jacob leaned forward in his chair and listened eagerly.

It was the post sure enough.

"A letter for you, Jacob," said Bessie, holding it high above her head, as she entered the room; "a large law-looking letter,

with 'immediate' on the outside, and directed to Jacob Blunt, Esq."

Jacob held out his hand, and tore it open with shaking fingers.

The contents were as follows:—

"99 Layer's Lane, Chancery Buildings, December 23, 18—

"SIR,—We have the honor to inform you that in consequence of the death of your great-uncle, Anthony Rich, Esq., late of Adelaide, South Australia, who was lost in the wreck of the Pluto on the 20th ult., you have under his will, become entitled to the whole of his vast fortune. We shall be happy to act under any instructions you favor us with, and beg to remain, sir, your obedient humble servants,

CATCHEM & FLEECEM."

"To Jacob Blunt, Esq."

Jacob threw down the letter, sprang from his chair, seized Bessie round the neck and gave her a hearty kiss.

Then he picked up the precious document waved it triumphantly around his head, and almost frantic with joy, read the contents aloud.

"Only think," he exclaimed, "'tis all come true after all! I'm a rich man, Bessie, though I can hardly believe it yet. I can't, and that's a fact."

"Nor I, I declare, Jacob," said Bessie: "but it must be true you know, I've heard you talk of your Uncle Rich, many a time."

"So you have, Bessie, so you have," said Jacob, "and it must be true, as you say. I wonder how much it is. The whole of his vast property—vast you see, Bessie, so it must be something wonderful."

"Suppose it should be fifty thousand dollars, Jacob!"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said he, contemptuously; "pooh, that's nothing. Five hundred thousand more likely."

"Oh, Jacob," exclaimed Bessie, after an astounded pause: "you don't really think so, do you? Whatever should we do with it all?"

"Do with it!" said Jacob, "why spend it, to be sure. No more bare bones and roast potatoes for dinner again, if you please, Bessie. But give me the pen and ink, and let me write directly. Bless me, how my hand shakes!"

After many fruitless attempts to keep his thoughts from wandering to his new-born greatness, and his hand steady enough to form the letters, Jacob managed to indite a tolerably coherent epistle, which was then carefully buttoned up in his safest pocket and deposited by his own hand in the post-office.

A few months saw Jacob in full possession of all his wildest imaginings.

He had an immense fortune, a splendid establishment, the finest equipages and the richest wines in the county.

Yet he was by no means the happy man he had pictured.

Numberless petty annoyances and small vexations were constantly happening to disturb him.

He had gradually dropped all his old acquaintances as not genteel enough for his new sphere, and he found it no easy matter to replace them.

Then again, the unearthly sounds he had heard in the old burying-ground, and what he considered the mysterious ratification of the compact to which he had so rashly pledged himself, were, he felt convinced, no mere phantoms of his imagination; so that every little accident, every trifling ailment frightened him to death, and he became by degrees a nervous, fanciful, irritable hypochondriac, utterly unable to enjoy the good things he had risked so much to obtain, and a prey to innumerable evils, both real and imaginary.

"Oh, that I had been contented as I was!" he would groan; "oh, that I was once plain Jacob Blunt the grocer!

"What signifies all the good things the world can give, if one can't enjoy them? Didn't I eat my cold mutton with a better appetite than I do now when I sit down to three courses and a dessert? Besides, how do I know how long I may be here at all?"

Poor Jacob would actually shake in his chair as he thought of the probable consequence of his folly; in fact, he did nothing but vex and fret, till he became the shadow of his former self; neither was he now the kind and generous friend and relation he had formerly been.

All his good resolutions had melted away in the strong sunshine of prosperity; and his liberal intentions towards "poor Tom," and "Dick's widow," were no more mentioned or thought of.

* * * * * * *

It was once more Christmas Eve.

Jacob and Bessie were seated in their gorgeous drawing-room beside a blazing fire.

The storm rattled without, and the hail and snow patted against the windows, but Jacob never heeded it; his thoughts were far away—in the little shop perhaps, or at the dismal burying-ground.

Ugh! he shuddered as he thought of it.

"Bessie," said he, trying to rouse himself, "how many are coming to dinner to-morrow?"

"How many!" echoed Bessie; "why, really, Jacob, I scarcely know. We shall be a large party though, a very large party, Jacob."

"The more the merrier," he said.

"Have you invited Tom Prince?" asked Bessie, with rather an ambiguous glance, at least so Jacob thought.

"Well, no I haven't," he said.

"Nor poor Mary and the children, Jacob?" continued Bessie.

"The children!" muttered Jacob; "well, I don't exactly know what to say about that, Bessie. I'll think about it."

"And then, Jacob, you could settle what you mean to do for them," said Bessie.

But Jacob only coughed.

"A shop, or a boarding house," she continued.

"Hum!" muttered Jacob.

"A shop, or a boarding-house," persisted Bessie.—"what you were talking about so long ago when we had a cold mutton bone for dinner one day," said Bessie, laughing merrily.

Jacob didn't like these allusions.

Why couldn't she let him alone, he wondered.

But she was in a strange mood that night.

He had never known her so obstinate, and at last his patience fairly gave way, and he rebuked her so sharply that the poor little woman quitted the room in a flood of tears, and left her indignant lord to his meditations.

These meditations were not, however, altogether of a pleasurable character; for, mixed up with the pride of wealth, and the anticipation of to-morrow's ostentatious display, came an uncomfortable recollection of poor Tom in his miserable lodging, and Dick's widow—Dick, who had been his younger brother and his father's pet in days gone by—surrounded by five pale-faced hungry children.

Do what he would, Jacob could not quite succeed in driving away these and many such thoughts; but he tried to lull them in some degree by firmly resolving that he would certainly see about it; yes, he would.

New Year's Day would soon be here, and then he would really have them to a first-rate dinner; and surely Bessie would be satisfied then.

And so Jacob walked off to bed, and got up in the morning in as complacent a state of mind as if he had already carried into effect the good resolutions he had just been forming.

"We shall dine earlier to day, Jacob," said Bessie, as they walked from church the following morning.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Jacob, angrily; "why can't we dine at five, as usual, I should like to know?"

"Why, the children would want their tea by that time, Jacob dear," said Bessie, timidly.

"The children!" exclaimed Jacob, in high anger: "what children, I should like to know?"

"Don't talk so loud," said Bessie; "here we are at home. Come into the dining-room; they'll be here directly."

Jacob bounced into the house, and opened the dining-room door; but the sight that met his astonished gaze made him recoil in speechless amazement.

The room, large as it was, was completely filled with long tables and baize-covered forms, placed lengthways, sideways, and cornerways.

Not an inch of space was left unappropriated, and in the centre of the table stood a silver *epergne* filled with richly berried holly—the very counterpart of that he had brought from the haunted burying-ground.

He had scarcely time to take in the whole scene, when the door was flung open, and in came, not only Cousin Tom and poor Dick's widow, but a host of little nephews and nieces besides; children with shabby garments, and red, chilblained fingers.

Jacob felt ready to collapse altogether, and thought with an agony of fear of the possibility of any of his grand acquaintances making their appearance, and discovering the ignominious fact that he really had poor relations; low creatures, who had never heard of turtle soup or tinted lobster salad.

Bessie burst out laughing, and jeeringly bade him look through the window.

There to his horror and dismay, he perceived a whole tribe of men, women, and children, all poorly clad, and all evidently making their way with faces of joyous expectation to the hospitable mansion of the unhappy Jacob.

His rage was terrific.

He stamped and stormed, and asked Bessie how she dared do such a thing without his orders.

"Oh, but I knew you meant it, Jacob dear," said she, coaxingly. "Don't you remember when we lived at the little shop, and were quite poor people, and I had roasted potatoes for dinner, and you had ——"

"Hold your tongue, Bessie," whispered Jacob, in an agony of shame.

"Well, never mind," said Bessie, "there's more company coming."

Again the door opened, and a second party poured into the room; not as before, in poverty and rags, but gentlemen in full-dress suits, and stately ladies in satin and velvet.

Jacob could bear no more.

He sprang forward, and aiming a violent blow at a soup tureen, he dashed in into a thousand fragments, and was proceeding to commit further atrocities, when some one seized hold of his arm with a loud shriek, and turning round with a violent start, he saw Bessie standing by his side, holding up the remains of an old-fashioned china teapot.

"Oh, Jacob! see what you have done! Poor mother's best teapot!"

"Eh?—what?" exclaimed Jacob, with a look of intense bewilderment. "I haven't been asleep, have I?"

"Yes, of course you have," replied Bessie: "and dreaming too, I should think. Whatever made you throw your arms about in that fashion? But come, tea's ready. It will do you good after your nap."

"Ah, to be sure," said Jacob, absently, as he drew up to the table, and thoughtfully stirred his tea. "Well, but to-morrow's really Christmas Day after all, I suppose, isn't it, Bessie?" he continued, after a long and thoughtful silence.

"Why, Jacob," laughed Bessie, "what can you be thinking about? You know it as well as I do. Didn't I tell you I'd been making the pudding this morning?"

"Ah, to be sure, so you did," said Jacob. "And, Bessie dear, suppose you take a bit to poor Mary, and Tom can come in at night and finish what's left of the beef."

To this Bessie gladly consented.

So Christmas Day came and passed, as all Christmas Days should, in the mutual exercise of kindly fellowship and good feeling.

It was a long time before Jacob told even Bessie of the wonderful dream he had had; and it was equally remarkable that he never afterwards was known to express the least wish to be any richer than he was.

And when, in years to come, he prospered in the world; and became the most thriving tradesman in all Calverton, he was also well known as the most liberal and kind-hearted, and therefore far more respected, and a thousand times more happy, than if he had in reality inherited his imaginary Christmas Fortune.

Paying for Secrecy.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

THOROUGHLY tired of life in the country were Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Franklyn.

Of course, wild roses, strawberries and cream, and the songs of blackbirds and linnets before dawn were very enchanting, but they had their balancing disagreeables.

The Gothic roof leaked under its braided greenery of vines and honeysuckles.

The kitchen stood an inch deep in water whenever there was a trifle heavier rain than usual.

The half-mile walk to the station, however enchanting in flowery times, gave Mr. Franklyn a wimping neuralgia when traversed in the rain.

The butcher forgot to call just when his wares were needed most.

The next-door neighbor charged a little more than city prices for his milk, eggs, and butter, and the servants left at the end of the first month.

So life in the rural districts was not altogether without trials to Mrs. Laurence Franklyn; and about the time the London houses break our into a harmless erysipelas of bills, having the legends—"To Let," and "For Sale," she said to her husband—

"Don't you think, dear, it would be well enough to return to the city?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Miss Julia, Mrs. Franklyn's eighteen-year-old sister, clapped her hands.

"Good, good," cried she. "Now I shall have some sort of chance at morning concerts and the opera again."

And house-hunting commenced in good earnest.

But it flagged after the first edge of enthusiastic enterprise had worn off.

None of the houses suited exactly.

Mrs. Franklyn declared that it was of no use wearing out one's shoe leather and temper looking for what could not be found.

Mr. Franklyn said it was a pity they had not found that out before.

Mrs. Franklyn said that, as far as she was concerned, she would just as soon stay where they were.

Mr. Franklyn retorted that anything was better than an indolent woman.

Mrs. Franklyn burst into tears.

Mr. Franklyn went out of the room, banging the door after him.

Miss Julia declared that all men were brutes, and that she, for one, never intended to be married.

"I don't care," sobbed Mrs. Franklyn, "it was all Laurence's fault, taking this damp hole."

"Oh, Bee, how can you say so?" said Julia, (Mrs. Laurence Franklyn's baptismal appellation was Beatrix); "you were as wild after it as he was."

"And," added Bee, ignoring this interruption, "if we have to live on the grass under an umbrella, I shall make no further efforts."

Mr. Franklyn said the same thing, and Julia was just making up her mind to another season of frogs and damp kitchen, when Bee came exultantly back from the city one evening.

"Oh, Julia," cried she, "I've seen the sweetest little gem of a house."

"Been house-hunting, eh?" said Julia, who had got tea ready—the thirteenth servant had gone off in a huff that morning.

"Well—no, not exactly house-hunting, you know. I wouldn't do that after Laurence's shameful behavior! But I saw the bill, and I went in. Double parlors, and frescoed dining-room in the rear! Hot and cold water—gas—range—baths—everything in short, and the hall floor laid in those delightful mosaic patterns of tesselated marble? The neighborhood delightful—the park handy——"

"And the rent?" eagerly asked Julia, with eyes like two blue moons.

"Only five hundred a year."

"Oh!" said Julia. "But isn't that a great deal?"

"Not when you consider the prices of houses in general. I'll go back to-morrow and secure it; but mind, it's a secret. I don't want Laurence to know that I have taken any trouble, after the hateful words!"

"I don't quite believe in secrets between husbands and wives," said Julia. "But of course I'll keep your secret."

Mrs. Franklyn had retired to bed when her husband came home.

Julia, however, was up.

"Well, Julia," said Mr. Franklyn, triumphantly, "I've found the very house we want."

Julia looked up with almost a scared expression in her face.

"You haven't taken it, Laurence?"

"No; but I shall to-morrow."

"I wouldn't do anything without consulting Bee," pleaded Julia.

"I shall give her a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Franklyn. "Remember, Ju, this is between you and me."

"Oh, of course," said Julia, beginning to feel a little embarrassed by the amount of confidence reposed in her.

Early next morning Mr. Franklyn went to London.

His wife followed in the next train, while Miss Julia breathlessly awaited the crisis.

"We shall have to live in two houses, as sure as the world," said she to herself. "What idiots these young people are!"

Mrs. Franklyn returned earlier than her sister had expected her, with a bright, flushed face.

"Well?" said Julia, breathlessly.

"I've agreed to five hundred and fifty dollars a year for it," said Mrs. Franklyn.

"What!" echoed Julia: "I thought it was only five hundred!"

"Well, so it was, but there's another party, it seems, very anxious to secure the house, and——"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Julia. "That is only the professional ruse."

"Oh, but it's true," persisted Bee. "for I saw his hat on the sideboard, and I caught a glimpse of his legs walking about in the upper story to see if the paint was in good order on the second floor. "So I said I'd give fifty dollars more."

"And suppose the other party—who, I dare say, was the plumber or gas fitter, or perhaps the carpenter, come to see about repairs—should offer six hundred and twenty-five?"

"He wont," said Bee, confidently. "The house isn't worth that."

"But I really think, Bee, darling, you'd better speak to Laurence."

"So I will," said Bee; "this evening. He shall see that his wife is something more than a dead letter in the family. But I want you to go and see the house this afternoon, Julia."

"This afternoon!" cried Julia. "We've no time."

"Yes, we have," said Beatrix. "Just exactly time enough, if we hurry to the station, and return in the last train. Quick! Get your bonnet on, and don't stop to arrange your frizzes."

And Julia made haste accordingly.

The level rays of the soft sunset were shining into the pretty little double drawing-room of the house in M—— Square, as Bee led her sister exultantly into it.

"Just look at those marble mantles," said she, "and the pattern of the cornices. And the gas-fixtures go with the house ——"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but——"

Mrs. Franklyn looked aghast.

"You have not let the house?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. A poor lone widow like me has her own interests to look to; and the gentleman offered six hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, if I'd sign the papers at once, which," with a reflective look at her pocket-handkerchief, "I did."

"I told you so," said Julia.

Mrs. Franklyn rose in great indignation, her voice rising accordingly.

"I really think I should be justified in placing this matter in the hands of the lawyers. And——"

"Why, Bee, my darling?"

"Laurence!"

The folding doors had opened, and Mrs. Franklyn found herself face to face with her husband.

"Here's the gent himself," said the ancient female, who smelled as if she had stepped out of a dye-tub. "Which he can explain."

"You never have taken this house, Laurence," almost shrieked Mrs. Franklyn.

"Yes, I have, my dear."

"But I offered five hundred and fifty dollars for it!"

"And I have signed a three years' lease at six hundred and twenty-five!" said the husband, somewhat sheepishly.

Julia burst out laughing.

"So," said she, "your profound secrecy has cost you just one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum."

Mrs. Franklyn began to cry.

"Never mind, Bee," said Mr. Franklyn soothingly. "It's a gem of a house, any way, and we'll be a happy as the day is long in it. I only wish I had confided in you about it."

"And I wi—wi—wish I hadn't been so obstinate and hateful, whimpered Bee.

"Come, said Julia, "let's make haste, or we shall lose the train!"

So the old lady in the dyed gown and the obtrusive pocket-handkerchief went out and took down the "To Let." And, as she did so, she chuckled audibly.

"Real estate is gone up," said this fiendish old lady.

The Power of Love.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"LETTIE!" Mrs Gregory said, putting an open letter beside her breakfast-plate, "your Aunt Belle has written to invite you to S—— for a few weeks."

"Are you very anxious to get rid of me, mamma?" was the questioning answer to this information.

"It will be for a few weeks only."

"Perhaps, Mamie and Lola went for a few weeks."

"But they met Mr. Smith and Mr. Gonzalez at S——"

"Exactly. And I am to meet Percy Bonnaire. He is to be at S——with his mother, and Aunt Belle has been telling me all the winter what a splendid match he is! Mamma, I hate it all! Why can't we live true, honest lives? We live beyond our means—starve, cramp, and freeze, to dress well for aunt's parties, and are known to set our hearts upon marrying good matches.

"Unfortunately, we were all handsome. Mamie has a rich husband, nearly seventy, who will not allow her to give you a five-pound note. And look at poor Lola. Do you suppose her husband is ever sober? Mother, there are only you and I left. Will you sell this mansion, and go into a small house, in the country if possible? Will you not pay our debts?—and if it takes all we have, I can work; I am young, and well educated. Let me teach, sew—do anything rather than keep up this most wretched farce of easy circumstances."

"Have you quite concluded, Miss Gregory?"

And Lettie knew that her outburst had met no response but stern disapproval.

She silently nibbled a piece of toast, and wondered what form her mother's indignation would take.

There was a long silence.

Then Mrs. Gregory remarked:

"This day week you will meet your aunt at S——. I expressly forbid you to air any of your absurd ideas for her edification. Her kindness to you and your sister calls for some gratitude."

Then Mrs. Gregory sailed out of the breakfast-room, leaving Lettie temporarily crushed.

"Kindness," Lettie muttered, gathering up the cups and plates. "I wonder if mamma really thinks there is any kindness about it? Aunt is getting old, and she is not wealthy enough to take a lead, so she wants a young handsome girl to hang finery upon and draw attention to herself. She is determined to have three handsome establishments to visit, where her three dearest nieces preside.

"A pretty mess she has made of her match-making so far. A miser and a drunkard. And for me, Percy Bonnaire, the son of her oldest friend, as she sentimentally styles him, and the possessor of his dead father's fortune. I wonder if he will walk into Aunt Belle's traps. Mamie and Lola were nobos after her own heart, but Mr. Bonnaire will not find me ready to drop into his arms for the asking.

The girl drew her tall figure erect at this point of her musings, and her large dark eyes turned with a sort of pride.

She was superbly handsome in a grand type—brunette, queenly in form, and with mobile, expressive face.

A true Gregory, her mother and aunt called her.

"With a full share of Gregory obstinacy!" the latter declared a month later.

Obediently Lettie had gone to S——.

Obediently she had worn the handsome dresses provided for her home comfort.

Obediently she had danced, walked, sung, and entered into the gaieties of the place.

But just at that point her obedience failed.

Mrs. Bonnaire was at S——, a little, meek woman, who worshipped her only son, and was evidently much influenced by the stronger nature of her old schoolmates.

And Mrs. Bonnaire was quite of Aunt Belle's opinion, that Lettie would make a queenly wife for Percy, and add greatly to the attraction of a splendid home.

But Lettie, just here, became unagreeable.

She accepted Mr. Bonnaire's attentions with the same dignified courtesy that met the advances of any of her aunt's gentlemen friends, but she was resolutely determined that she would not aid in any of the schemes to catch the wealthy man, who was admired of all the matrons with daughters upon their hands.

She liked Percy Bonnaire well; liked to hear his tales of travel that were vividly told, without egotism; liked to dance with him; liked to drive when his firm hand held the reins; to ride with his superb black horse beside her own hired steed.

But she steeled her heart against any warmer emotions.

If she felt it throb with pleasant thrills when she saw his tall manly figure and handsome face approaching her, she remembered that he was a "great match," and checked all cordiality in her quiet greeting.

In vain her aunt remonstrated, and pointed out to her that she had attracted Mr. Bonnaire, and, by a little encouragement, might complete her conquest.

"I came here because mother wished it," she would reply, "and I am not husband-hunting."

"And yet after all, she was playing her cards well," her aunt thought, when Percy asked permission to pay his address to Miss Gregory. "She has won him by her model coy dignity."

And when she triumphantly told Lettie of the honor paid to her, she could not forbear making a sly thrust at the girl's superior diplomacy.

It aroused Lettie at once to rebellion.

"You will tell Mr Bonnaire that I refuse the honor he would pay me," she said, coldly.

"Lettie, you are insane," was her aunt's cry.

"I am not insane. But I am not ready to marry the first eligible man who proposes to me.

"But you like Percy! You have told me so."

"I do like him," was the frank reply, "and were he a poor man I might learn to love him. As it is, I will not marry him simply because he has been told off by his mother and yourself, to propose to me."

"Pray Miss Gregory, what do you propose to do?"

"I will tell you what I propose doing her Aunt Belle will permit me to [illegible] obey my mother. Then I will be earning one, and I shall earn my own living at some honest employment. I will not live on pretense one hour longer, cheating tradespeople with false promises, wearing finery that is stolen by that theft called debt, and finally marrying money, with no thought of the man that holds it."

"Lettie!"

Aunt Belle rose, her eyeglass in hand, and took a long look at the superb but [illegible] young girl who was usually admired by her [illegible] sex.

"Indeed! Suppose you go home to-morrow and begin your independent career? I wash my hands of you. A girl who would refuse Percy Bonnaire is a simple lunatic. And I object to lunatics."

"So do not I," murmured Percy Bonnaire, rising from a seat upon the wide piazza, from which he heard every word of the foregoing conversation.

"So do not I. I loved that girl for her beauty, her queenly dignity, her quiet maidenly modesty. But now—I will win her, if it takes ten years to do it."

The next day Aunt Belle politely informed inquiring friends that Miss Gregory had been obliged to return to the city unexpectedly, and softened the tidings of her refusal for Percy Bonnaire, already prepared to receive them.

Society has no gaps, and the waves closed over Lettie's place, while she was meeting her mother's storm of indignation, Mamie's astonishment and Lola's tearful regrets.

"You'll have such a dreadful life, dear," the sisters said.

And Lettie wondered if they were stones that they could prefer their own golden-chained slavery to any honest independence.

Life was not exactly a bed of roses for Lettie in the next six months.

But at the end of that time Mrs. Gregory broke up housekeeping and went to live in Lola's splendid home, while acquaintances were informed that "dear Lettie had accepted an invitation to visit some old friends."

Which being translated into fact meant that "dear Lettie had gone as music teacher in a ladies seminary."

Nobody seemed able to answer Percy Bonnaire's polite inquiries regarding Lettie's exact address.

"It would be too dreadful to let him know that Lettie is teaching for a living," the family agreed.

But one day, in an unguarded moment, Lola mentioned the name of a town, and Lettie's opinion of the same.

That was enough.

Absence had made Percy more of a lover than before, and with an excuse for his mother, the young favorite of society deserted it in the height of the winter festivities.

And Lettie, utterly unconscious of the spur she had given to the love she rejected, was calmly walking in the path she had chosen, with a conscience and a purse that was honestly if not heavily filled.

She loved children, and by her love was guided to instruct them patiently.

Her musical education was very thorough for one so young, and she was conscientious in the discharge of all her duties.

Not too heavily taxed, she enjoyed her intervals of rest and leisure the more that she earned them faithfully.

And if she thought of her old life, it was not regretfully.

The memory of Percy Bonnaire, whilst it never haunted her, was yet one of the few upon which her thoughts dwelt pleasant hours, when by his own winsome courtesy and interesting conversation he had wooed her to forgetfulness of her own stern determinations.

I think he was in her thoughts one raw March day, when she started for the daily walk she made a health-preserving duty.

Wrapped in her long warm shawl of rich colors, with a scarlet bird's wing in her rich black hat, she looked like an Eastern princess.

She walked well, with a springing step and erect, graceful figure, and Percy Bonnaire, seeing her before she suspected his presence, wondered anew at her beauty.

The cold air had brought vivid roses to her cheeks, lighting up the clear olive of her complexion, and her eyes were full of the light of intellect, with the content of a good conscience.

"She has lost that worried expression I have so often observed," her lover thought; "but she carries herself as proudly as ever."

Then he was doffing his hat as the great dark eyes gave token of glad recognition.

It was glad!

Unprepared, Lettie forgot to school her face, and never in crowded saloon had Percy met such cordial greeting, such true pleasure in smile and voice.

He turned his steps into the path she trod, and they wandered down the lanes, meeting only an occasional villager, and talking with hearty enjoyment of the world so far from them.

A week later Lettie wondered what on earth Mr. Bonnaire found to detain him at D——.

He had conjured up a fiction of purchasing some land, but whatever his other engagements might be, he was invariably somewhere on the route of Lettie's daily walk.

"He can't mean to propose to me again!" the girl thought. "His mother would faint with horror if he married a music teacher."

And yet Lettie's heart trembled as she thought of again rejecting his suit.

She wished he would go away after another week passed; but before the month was over she knew that when he did go, he would leave a bitter void in her heart.

He had broken down the barriers of her pride, and she knew she loved him.

It was characteristic of her nature that she made no attempt at self-deception.

As frankly as she had owned her liking, she now looked her love in the face.

She covered it with a stern expression when Percy Bonnaire, in the cool June where he met her, in April's tiftul sunshine, renewed his proposal.

She heard him, with her face locked fast in a cold determination, by a mighty effort of will.

But her lover noted that the face was very white, and the little hands tightly locked together.

"I had hoped," she said, quietly, "that you would spare me the pain of this that you were only my friend not my lover."

"Loving you once, means loving you ever!" he replied, and there was no more complaint in his grave, earnest voice.

"I know," he continued, "why you once met a similar proposal by a refusal. Unfortunately for my love I am wealthy, and you are proud. But, Lettie, is it not straining pride too greatly, to shipwreck the happiness of two lives for its sake? I love you wholly, and I know my wealth if it weighs in your resolution, turns the scale against me, not for me. I want no unwilling bride. But if you love me, Lettie, do not turn from me. Look into my eyes. Tell me you do not love me, and I will leave you and carry the burden of my sore heart where it will never grieve you."

Lettie looked as she was bidden, into the large, dark eyes, full of true love and manly pleading.

Twice her lips moved to frame the lie her pride dictated.

Then her eyes drooped, her lips trembled, and the soft flush crept to her round cheeks.

"I cannot lie to you, Percy," she said in a low clear voice, "I do love you!"

Her pride was no defence after that confession.

In vain she argued and pleaded her poverty, his mother's opposition.

He would not have a grand wedding either, but in the quiet village led his bride to church.

And Aunt Belle pettishly declares that she "does not see what Lettie went into hercles for, and made such a fuss, when of course she intended to marry Percy Bonnaire from the first."

The proud, loving husband, the tender, faithful wife, however, know better and there is no cloud of distrust upon the pure content of their lives.

For Percy knows well that it was by the power of love and love alone, he won his bride and not because he was in society eyes "a good match."

WHEN a young man says his girl is "worth her weight in gold" he is not putting a very high valuation upon her unless she is a very heavy girl. At this rating 120 pounds of girl would be worth only about $30,000, and any young man who doesn't think his best girl worth more than $30,000, ought to be kicked clear over the front gate by an infuriated parent and have the dog set after him.

At Death's Door.

Rev. J. H. Richards, of South Haven, Mich., gives us, under the date of June 14th, 1882, the following account of what Compound Oxygen did for an old lady seventy years old, who a year ago, was at death's door:

"Compound Oxygen has done a fine work here in the person of an old lady near seventy. She had a pulmonary attack coughed incessantly and became greatly reduced—in fact, was completely prostrated. The physicians said that they could do no more for her and that her end was at hand. She used, after this, one Treatment and was so much relieved that she could endure life. But in two or three months she was again at death's door. Her friends were called on to say farewell, and she gave them her dying charge. But not relishing one of the daughters used it the Compound Oxygen had ceased to do her good. 'O!' no, she replied, 'but I have been without it for some time.' A treatment was immediately procured. This was about one year ago. Now she is doing work for her family and going out visiting in her carriage for miles in the country."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

New Publications.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published this day, "The Surgeon's Daughter," being the sixth volume of their new and cheap edition of "The Waverly Novels," by Sir Walter Scott, which will be completed in twenty-six weekly volumes, each volume being a novel complete in itself. It is sold at the low price of fifteen cents a volume, or three dollars will pay for the full and complete set.

"The Life of Paul." Rev. D. H. Taylor, one of the most finished and scholarly of the younger members of the Boston clergy, is the author of "Life of Paul," now in the press of D. Lothrop & Co. "Echoes from Hospital and White House," is an intensely interesting story of the noble part taken in the events of the late war by a brave Christian woman. Rev. E. A. Rand, the popular writer of books for boys, has written what is described as a most fascinating book, published under the title of "All Aboard for the Lakes and Mountains." The exploits of Ralph and Rick, the heroes of the story, rollicking lads, will be followed with interest. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Cassell & Co., of New York, have issued a very interesting, but concise life of "Martin Luther, the Reformer," translated from the German of Julius Koestlin. It gives the main facts of his life works, and in brief space telling them in an unusually entertaining way. For those who would like to gain a good idea of Luther, without spending undue time over it, we can commend this book. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

In the way of a magazine for those fond of flowers, there is nothing published anywhere better than *Vicks Illustrated Monthly*. Every number contains enough of interest to pay well for a years subscription. James Vick, Rochester, New York. Price $1.25 per year.

The Christmas *Wide Awake*, of extra size, just at hand, is a refined and very beautiful number, sure to be carefully treasured in the family for years. The Frontispiece, by Lungren, is throefold, and designed as an illustration for Miss Wilkins poem On Christmas Day. Sophie May follows with A Christmas Breeze. Then comes Facing the World, by Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, its illustrations are by Miss Dowse. George MacDonald has a charming poem, A Child's Make-Believe, with several illustrations as charming, by Garrett. Some Curious Cat Music, by Elizabeth Abercrombie, has an irresistible full page drawing of cats set to music by "Bar." Then comes the opening chapter of A Brave Girl, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The *Wide Awake* serials promise to be of great excellence this year. There is a delightful Wonder Story for little folks, In No-Man's Land, by E. S. Brooks, illustrated with dainty pictures. There is a jolly paper of winter sports, entitled A Canadian Carnival, with spirited drawings. Then there is The Patchwork School, by Miss Wilkins. There are three pages of music—Eberman's setting of Lord Houghton's Good Night and Good Morning. And after all this, there comes the C. Y. F. R. U. Reading Course, a whole family magazine in itself, and other good things. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

While the other leading magazines of the day fill their chosen fields, and fill them well, *Dio Lewis' Monthly* reigns in one exclusively its own. Little attention is given to illustration, but the matter and the way of serving it up, leave everything to commend. The articles are numerous, by leading writers, of such a nature as to interest all, while never long enough to weary any. The December number is particularly readable. Instead of trying to enumerate it excellences, we suggest that our readers send for a copy and see for themselves. 25 cents a number. Published at 68 and 71 Bible House, New York.

"Poems and Swedish Translations," by Frederick Peterson. This volume contains besides original poems a translation of Tegner's "Axel," which ranks next to "Frithiof's Saga," by the same author, and also lyrical poems from Franzen, von Braun, Bottiger and Runeberg, and other prominent Swedish writers. The poems with the exception of "Axel," are all short, and are marked with much feeling and poetic beauty. It is seldom indeed that we have met with a book of poems containing more grace and sweetness. The volume is neatly bound and printed. Peter Paul & Bros., Publishers, Buffalo, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1.50.

I had a severe attack of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get a medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time. A Distinguished Lawyer of Wayne Co., N. Y.

A TOUCHING story of a mother's devotion comes from Belgium. The wife of a gateman on the line between Sottegem and Alost was attending to her husband's duty, when her little boy strayed in front of a fast train. Without a moment's hesitation the mother sprang across the rails, and, seizing her child, tossed it onto the bank the very second before she was caught by the locomotive and killed. It is well to know that this brave woman did not die in vain; the child escaped with a few bruises.

Our Young Folks.

DOROTHY'S DOLL.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was Dorothy Vernon's birthday.

A birthday was a great event in the Vernon family, I can assure you—looked forward to for days before, and talked of for months afterwards.

Many pretty presents were discovered on that day, and every one of the dolls was asked to tea.

There were no fairies asked that I am aware of—only all the dolls, and the little girl who lived next door; and yet one would think that some good fairy must have been left out, or otherwise offended, or Dorothy never would have been given an Obstinate Doll.

Such a present!

To be sure papa bought her, and he may have known no better, indeed he probably chose her because she was the smartest in the shop, and the owner of curly brown hair and blue eyes.

He chose her for these, and for her pretty pink frock, without the least regard for her more sterling qualities of which perhaps he was hardly qualified to judge.

Dorothy would never have been taken in like that.

True, when she first saw her she screamed with delight, but only an instant's investigation convinced her of the deplorable fact that the doll was as stiff as a poker.

There she stood, bolt upright, smiling in that bland and continuous way that only very obstinate people can.

She would not sit in her perambulator, she would not sit in a cushion, she would not cuddle up when she was nursed, and she was much too long for her cradle.

All these nice things had been prepared for her, and yet she would have none of them.

As for shaking hands, and making friends with the other dolls, it was not to be thought of for a minute.

She stuck out her hands as stiffly as she could, and would not condescend in the least.

Now the truth was, the doll was offended.

She was disgusted at her lot in life.

When she had been standing in the doll-shop she had formed a pretty shrewd idea of the difference between poverty and wealth, for her place had been near the window, and she had seen many a handsomely dressed lady pass by, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a carriage. And thoughts came to the doll.

"The ladies in the carriage are the ones I admire," she remarked; "they have such sweet faces; they are almost as pretty as dolls. If ever I move from my station, I hope it will be to go and live with one of them."

"Supposing you are carried away by one of those beggar-children," said a sharp little Jack-in-the-box who lived in the same window; "you can't help where you may be taken. You have nothing to do with it in the least. The fat old woman who lives opposite might buy you, and take you away, and what will become of your fine fancies then?"

"I might break," said the doll with dignity "but I would never bend. I would not consent to take a meal inside that house, or to soil my dress by sitting on their chairs."

"You are a great deal too proud," said the Jack in the box; "you want a little of your sawdust taken out."

Jack-in-the-box was wonderfully clever, and always jumped at the root of things at once.

It was true, he did not see half as much of the world as did the wax doll, who passed all her time at the window looking out!

What he saw of the world, he saw in a minute—in a lightning-flash; you would think he had hardly time to take it in, but the fact was, when he was locked up in his box, he thought.

The little doll had no more time for advice or observation, for just at that minute two people entered the box to buy, the one was an elegant lady, dressed in satin and furs, the other was a stout middle-aged man in a large rough great coat.

All the little dolls were silent in a minute, and looking out to see who would be chosen.

The rough looking man chose the doll with the pink frock, saying he thought it would be just the thing for his little girl, and the elegant lady chose a hideous Japanese doll, which had always been the laughing stock of the shop.

"It's so quaint," she said; "there really is some character in that!"

The pink doll heard her, and nearly gnashed her teeth with rage.

She was tied up in a brown paper parcel, and put head first into the gentleman's great coat pocket.

There was a situation for a young lady!

Jack in the-box was chosen too, that he might comfort little Roger whose birthday it was not.

"I am a most wonderful pocket," said the lining of the coat. "I always have a surprise for the young ones. I have been stored full of oranges before now. Shall I ever forget the parcel of cakes that once lived here all sticky with round kisses just marks?"

"No, thank you, I don't wish to hear any of your vulgar stories," answered the doll.

"Oh, I could tell you nicer things than that," went on the pocket; "wouldn't you like to hear about the fairy-book who lived here, and who told me all his tales? or about the sailor child who jumped about and pretended he was at sea? I can tell you, I get amusement out of what I see of the world."

"The world!" said the doll; "much he sees of the world in this dark shining lining!"

But this she said to herself, for you must understand that she was much too cross and sulky to speak aloud.

The Jack-in-the-box heard all the tales, and he stored them up to tell again.

At last they got home to the house, and this is where my story really should have begun.

Dorothy's birthday was being carried out in state.

All her presents were spread out upon the table—the doll's chair, and perambulator, and cradle, all were there, and everything was ready for the doll papa was to bring.

But what a disappointment it was when the doll was found to care for none of these things, to fit into nothing, not to bend in the least!

Jack-in-the-box did all he could — he sprang in and out of his box to make the children laugh.

But Dorothy was so disappointed, in fact, she almost cried.

She had blue eyes, had Dorothy, and a shock of auburn hair.

She had a pretty dimple in her face when she laughed, and a pleasant old-fashioned way about her, although she was only five.

Most people I think would have liked Dorothy, and she looked like a girl who was fond of dolls.

Yet dolly could not fancy her, because she had a patch at the elbow of her very worn blue frock.

Tea-time came at last, and the dolls were to have a feast.

A little doll's tea-set was spread out; at the top of the table was a tiny soup-tureen full of custard, and the dishes were full of chocolate-creams, apples cut up into quarters, and mixture of jam and milk. It was a beautiful feast!

There were something like seventeen guests.

All the little children sat round and enjoyed it, and each one had a doll on her knee.

Some of the dolls were old, and their clothes were a good deal too small for them, but both the children and they were as merry as merry could be.

"All this is very common," said the new doll, turning up her nose; "I shall not join this feast."

And sure enough, when she was brought to the table she stuck out as stiff as a post, and first leaned back in her chair looking like a positive martyr, and then suddenly tipped over, unable to keep up that uncomfortable position very long, and fell right over into the soup-tureen of custard.

This was too much for Dorothy.

Dolly had been trying enough before, but now this last act of ill-temper spoilt all.

The custard was upset all over the cloth, and the appearance of the feast was quite gone.

Dorothy fairly gave way, and did a thing unheard of in the annals of the Vernon family — burst into tears on her birthday.

The children were all alarmed. Even Toddie the youngest was shocked.

He said, looking round at the other children

"Dollothy's klying!"

What would have been the end of that party I do not know, only the door opened and the household fairy came in—I mean the dear good aunt, who always made everything right.

"What is the matter?" she said, "crying on a birthday? why, such a thing was never heard of?"

"Oh, auntie!" cried Dorothy, "it's the dolly! she is so disagreeable, she won't do anything she's told. She tumbles off her chair, and she's too big for her cradle, and altogether she's as obstinate as can be."

"Let me see her," said her aunt; "ah, yes, she is very stiff! She ought to be called Sophonisba if she holds herself like that.

"Whatever is the matter with her—oh yes, I see; she has got over so much bran inside her!

"She is stuffed so dreadfully tight, and that is what makes your dolly so very stiff."

Then auntie sat down, with her neat little work things, all the children watching her, and clip, clip, went the bright scissors, and the stuffing was let out at the elbows and knees, and then a few firm stitches made all right again, and Dolly could bend about as much as you please.

She could not be stiff any more.

She could curl round comfortably in her cradle, she could drive out in the perambulator and take the air, she could sit up to the table and be sociable with the other dolls; there was no end to the things she could do.

Everybody was pleased with her, and said how nice she was, and she found she had much more pleasure in life than when she was stiff and proud.

The opinion of the people has been fully made up by wide spread experience that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best and cheapest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, etc.

DOWN IN A COAL-MINE.

BY J. C.

ESCAPES! Yes, sir; I've had one or two near shaves; and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same."

The speaker was a hardy, toil-worn collier, who had come to see me on some business.

And many is the thrilling tale which, by considerable pressure—for be it known that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of their dangers—the country parson may extract from his "fellow-men in black" among the coal-pits.

"Yes, sir; I've had one or two. Once I was let down into the sump in eight feet of water."

This man was a shaftsman.

The shaft, as you know—or perhaps you don't know—is the circular perpendicular well by which access is gained to the horizontal beds of coal lying at various depths below the surface.

The depth of the shaft in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the shaftsmen is to keep this in repair.

Often their work must be done sitting with one leg through a loop attached to the steel-wire rope by which they are drawn up and down, or standing on a simple scaffold hung to the side of the shaft; and a man needs a stout heart and a steady nerve to work placidly, suspended over a chasm a hundred fathoms deep.

The ordinary mode, however, of journeying up and down the shaft is in the cage, an iron structure open at two sides, steadied in its course by two grooves, which fit in two wooden guides extending the whole depth, and fixed to the sides of the shaft.

I must also explain that the sump is the very bottom of the shaft.

The shaft is sunk a few fathoms lower than the lowest seam of coal that is being worked.

Into this lowest part of the shaft, euphoniously termed the sump, the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, and is constantly being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of the pit.

How a man could be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me.

"How on earth did you get out?" asked I. "I suppose they drew the cage up at once?"

"Never," said the shaftman. "The engineman, by mistake or accident, ran her right down into the sump, and there she stuck, while the other cage was right up at the pulleys. The engine power was lost, and he couldn't get her up."

"Then how did you escape?" I asked breathlessly.

"Why," he answered with a grim smile, "I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gateshead."

"How's that?"

"The best way I could. I managed to get out of the cage.

"There was only just room to squeeze up between the cage and the side of the sump, and I climbed up by the timbers to the top of the water.

I was near done when I got out, and then I had to travel round about and get out by a stapple.

"It was two hours before I got home. The engineman was nearly off his head. They were all sure I was killed, and were seeking about how to get the cage up again."

"Wasn't it awful going down?" I said "Didn't you lose your head?"

"I can tell you it was. The cage came down with a run, and clashed into the water like a clap of thunder.'

"What did you think?" I asked. "I wonder you kept your senses."

"Well," he said, "I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came in on me, and I knew there was eight feet above me; and I thought, 'well, it's a queer thing if I've come down here to be drowned.'

"I had my thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed a lot of water; but I scrambled out somehow. But it was a near thing, I can tell you."

"Oh," he continued, "there are queer things happen.

"Once, another man and I were drawn up over the pulley. That's not the big pulleys, you know, sir; but the little wheel with the small rope, a few feet above the shaft, which we use for shaft work. This other man and I had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope; and when the engine drew us up again, she 'ran away,' and drew us right over the pulley.

"At least, I went over; and the other man hung on the other side, balancing. My hands were cut with the wheel; but I held on till they got us down. But it was a roughish ride, was that. Well, good-night, sir."

I wondered how many lives this man had, and how he could go away so cheerfully to meet day by day the peril of his toil.

The following may show that gratitude to a Higher Power is oftener felt than expressed to the outer world.

Pardon a little preliminary detail.

Square tubs, on four wheels, running on train-lines along the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft.

On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying perhaps four men.

When the seams are low, there will be a space of only a few inches between the edge of the tub and the balks of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal-seam; thus, the men must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub.

"On one occasion," said my informant, "three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight rise. I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub. I felt my forehead touch a crossbeam in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in fatal peril.

"The forward movement of the tub jammed my head between the beam and the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free; but I could not.

"All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead.

"Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony my mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped.

"No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry.

"The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub.

"My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale I looked.

"For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection.

"And I tell you, sir, I've read of drowning people seeing as at a glance all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything.

"I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day.

"How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved, I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be."

A similar miraculous escape was told me by one of the managers of a pit.

"I was down making a survey, with a man and a young assistant.

"We sat down to rest side by side, our backs against the wall of the coal. The man was sitting on my right hand, the assistant on my left.

"After we had sat a few seconds, the assistant, with no apparent reason got up and went and sat at the other end of the row, next to the man.

"He had no sooner sat down, than, without any warning, a huge mass of stone crashed down from the roof on to the very spot where the assistant had been sitting!

"Part of it grazed my arm, but did no injury.

"'A near shave for you,' we said to the assistant.

"'It was a near shave,' he replied, somewhat nervously.

"We went on with our work. Perhaps we spoke lightly; but I believe not one of us could have said all he thought."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—There is a salient feature in the Norwegian character, writes a traveler in the country, that ought to be recorded—kindness to domestic animals, which are here treated as the friends rather than the slaves of man. As a result, vicious horses are unknown; foals follow their dams at work in the fields or on the road as soon as they have sufficient strength, and thus gently accustom themselves to harness. I heard of a foal trying to force its head into a collar in imitation of its mother. Horses are trained to obey the voice rather than the hand; check-reins are not used, and the whip, if carried at all, is seldom used. Great care is taken not to overload carts, especially in the case of young horses, and consequently a broken knee is rarely seen, and the animals continue fat, in good condition and capable of work, till the advanced age of twenty-five to thirty years. So tame are the Norwegian horses and cows, that they will allow a casual passer-by to caress them while they are lying down. Even domestic cats will approach a boy with confidence, knowing that no chasing or worrying awaits them. One very hot day I met an old woman holding up an umbrella to carefully screen what I thought to be a little child at her side from the scorching rays of the midday sun, while her own head was covered just by a handkerchief. In driving by I tried to catch a glimpse of her charge, and found to my great surprise that the object of her care was a fat black pig. The question of slaughtering animals has lately been prominently brought forward. In this the Norwegians show us a good example; they never use the knife without first stunning the animal. In the above remarks I am alluding to the country districts of Norway; in the towns the natural characteristics become modified, even though under these conditions kindness to animals is still remarkable.

NEVER make a promise which you do not intend to fulfil.

COLORLESS AND COLD.—A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The tide that will not rift again, though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leaves us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know; our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as even death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,—
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

FUN FOR CHRISTMAS.

AMONG the many different games which are played at Christmas-time, there is none better known or more of a favorite than that of Forfeits. The many resources to bring home a forfeiture are illimitable, and when it is considered what merriment, what rounds of laughter some of these provoke, we sometimes wonder that this game is not played more than it is in this country. In England it is universal, but here, when the cry comes from the youngsters at a Christmas party, "Oh, let us have a good game!" there is generally a simultaneous cry of, "What shall we play?" and it too often happens that hardly any one present knows the proper way of playing one of the many really enjoyable games by which the greatest number of forfeits can be realized, and when it comes to "crying off the forfeits," a still greater ignorance is shown. In this latter respect, in order to assist our young (and old) friends, we append a few.

We will suppose the momentous question has been asked, "Here is a pretty thing—what shall be done to the owner?" They may then be sentenced as follows:

Hop round the room three times without stopping.

Repeat the alphabet backwards.

Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on the chest without changing the motion of either for an instant.

To keep silence and preserve a serious face for five minutes whatever your companion may do to cause you to laugh.

Pay a compliment, and undo it afterwards, to every one present.

Kiss yourself. This is done with the aid of a mirror.

To be blindfolded, and then fed with cold water until you guess who is feeding you.

Say five flattering things to the lady you love.

Call your true love's name up the chimney.

Bow to the prettiest, kneel to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.

Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the chairs are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the shoes.)

Kiss the candlestick. When ordered to do so you politely request a lady to hold the candle for you. As soon as she has it in her hand she is supposed to be the candlestick, and you, of course, kiss her.

Take the blind man's choice. The one who is to play a forfeit stands with the face to the wall; one behind makes signs suitable to a kiss, a pinch a box on the ear, and then demands whether the first, second, or third be preferred; whichever it happens to be, is given.

"Poor Baby." (For a gentleman.) Let the wretched victim seat himself in the centre of the room, wrapped in a shawl. Then each lady in the company is to take him something in a spoon, and, while feeding him, speak to him in baby language, as, "Tits-ums-wopsy-wopsy! take ums gruelly gruelly!"

The Old Bachelor. (For a gentleman.) Let the miserable being sit in the middle of the room, and, while threading a needle, continue to repeat, "Oh, the inconvenience of a single life!"

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance. The player whose forfeit is cried must take a lighted candle in his hand, and select some other player to be his squire, who takes hold of his arm, and they then go round to all the ladies in the company. It is the squire's office to kiss the hand of each lady, and after each kiss to wipe the knight's mouth with a handkerchief.

The Disappointment. A lady advances toward the penitent, as if to kiss him, and when close to him turns quietly around and allows the expected kiss to be taken by her nearest neighbor.

The Adept. Laugh, then whistle; cry, then whistle; cough, then whistle.

The Naturalist. Imitate six animals—the dog, the duck, the cuckoo, the crow, the donkey, and the unicorn. (The last is intended as a puzzler.)

Dance the Blind Quadrille. This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is to be danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always accords infinite amusement to the spectators.

Grains of Gold.

Fulfill all promises.

Every promise is a debt.

Fame has no present tense.

Roguery is the last of trades.

Every fox praises his own tail.

A debt is adorned by payment.

Ignorance is admiration's daughter.

Command everything by keeping cool.

Most pleasure embraces us but to strangle.

Better strong within than strong without.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

It is not profession, but fruit that glorifies God.

Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

God, space and eternity are incomprehensible, because measureless.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

There is no escaping our destiny, as each day brings us in contact with it.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy.

Will-power is to be cultivated. It can be strengthened like the memory, by unceasing practice.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger.

Nobody is perfect, but forbearance and love do much to soften the irritable, hard edges of existence.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind, but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

As in our lives, so also in our studies, it is most becoming, and most wise, to temper gravity with cheerfulness.

If all would realize that cruelty is as bitter to others as it is to themselves, there would be less of it practiced.

The best of us are hampered in every effort at improvement, not alone by our faults, but by those of our neighbors.

The knowledge of the world which is so admired, but which, after all, is but a very poor attainment, is really nothing more than a knowledge of the defects, foibles, and weak points of man and women.

Femininities.

How to treat a wife—Treat her to a new dress.

Mrs. Grundy says that the adoption of the cat as a fashionable pet is steadily increasing.

Miss Catherine Wolf, one of the chief society ladies of Newport, R. I., is said to be worth $30,000,000.

Disraeli once said that nothing was of so much importance to a young man as to be well criticised by a woman.

A boy jockey in California, who, during the past two years, has ridden horses in several races, was lately discovered to be a girl.

Bunches of little green grapes amid leaves appeared recently on the dress of a rich New York widow at the Academy of Music.

The bride, on whose head the dove flew during a marriage ceremony in a Western church, had the bird in training for six months.

The New York State Board of Charities has recommended that all orphan asylums in the State shall teach their girl charges how to cook.

He would not marry her because she had false teeth. But, when his wife kept him awake for nights with the toothache and neuralgia, he wished he had.

Somebody left a pretty little girl, about one year old, in a New York street-car one day last week, and the little innocent now awaits an owner at police headquarters.

In Cincinnati, and other Western cities, prayer-books bound in white velvet and gold are taking the place of bouquets for brides to hold in their hands at the nuptial ceremony.

It is said that San Clemente, an island near Venice, has a lunatic asylum containing one thousand women, the great majority of whom were brought there by unhappy love.

Cleveland has a young lady who has had a bullet in her head for three weeks. That's nothing. Some society ladies, who are fond of dancing, have their "heads full of balls" all winter.

A woman may be perfectly angelic, and as patient as patient can be, and still not be able to look calmly on while her husband draws a match along a picture-frame to light his pipe.

"Is talk dying out?" asks a magazine writer. The writer should listen to the conversation of three or four girls who have met for the first time since they attended an evening sociable.

The Ladies' Dress Supply Association of London, a store on the co-operative principle, has gone out of business, with the managers' cash account inextricably mixed, and the shareholders in debt.

At a recent wedding in New York, the bride and groom stood under a wish-bone of flowers in heroic size which was swung from one end of the drawing-room from a stem fringed with Autumn leaves.

As a part of the marriage ceremony in Servia, the bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips, as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. The sugar soon melts away.

A New York dealer in photographs predicts that before the year is out pictures of American society women will be as freely sold in this country as the photographs of English society women are sold in England.

"Are you going to the funeral this afternoon, Mrs. Flip?" asked one lady of another on Broadway. "Well—yes—I rather guess I will, if my husband don't bring me home some matinee tickets," replied the latter.

As Chistmas is here, this hint is thrown out to young ladies who have gentleman friends—that slippers, to be comfortable and cosy, must be several sizes larger than the boots young men wear when they go to see their best girls.

"Why is it that so many young men go to Alaska?" asked a Fifth Avenue belle of a caller. "Well, I should think," he replied dreamily, with a far-away look in his eyes, "that it because the ice-cream season lasts only about two or three months there."

In Kentucky a plowman became enamored of a milkmaid on a neighboring farm. His addresses were rejected; and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and revenge, procured a rope—went to the farm, and—tied all the cows' tails together.

It is related that the first man was tempted by the first woman; but there has been no occasion for such temptation since. Man, brought to such knowledge, has been entirely able and willing to keep up with the procession when there's any sin going on.

"No," said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her twenty-five-year-old daughter; "no, Minerva isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously she isn't fit for a wife."

Washington Irving once said to a lady: "Don't be anxious about the education of your daughters; they will do very well; don't teach them so many things; teach them one thing." "What is that?" she asked. "Teach them," he said, "to be easily pleased."

Russian ladies, while staying at their country residences in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, affect the dress of the peasant women of Lesser Russia—a small red cap, a gaily-striped skirt, and a white chemise and apron elaborately embroidered and trimmed with lace.

"Sal," cried a young girl, looking out of the upper story of a small grocery, and addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp-meeting and been converted, so when you want milk on Sundays now you'll have to come in the back way."

Rural simplicity still reigns in the West. At a Hannibal, Mo., wedding, a few days since, the bridal march was played on a harmonica. The groom was attired in a hickory stripe shirt and copperas-colored pants, while the bride wore a calico dress made in the latest Mother Hubbard style.

News Notes.

Queen Victoria uses a cane when walking.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous electrician, is deaf.

The Concord, N. H., poorhouse has only one occupant.

A man on Broadway, N. Y., makes glass eyes for horses.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's middle name is Green.

Men are the most frequent purchasers of cough candies.

Nearly every educated Swede understands English.

The average in Texas is one hanging to thirty murders.

Montgomery, Ala., streets are now lighted by electricity.

Flour is $40 a barrel at the Cour d'Alene mines, Montana.

White hyacinths are used extensively by brides this season.

Over 7,000,000 envelopes a day are made in the United States.

A Connecticut man claims to have a cat that eats cucumbers.

Key West, Fla, has six papers printed in the Spanish language.

Two Texas men recently took out licenses to marry the same girl.

A double-headed child is the sensation of the day in Morgan county, Ga.

Of the 20 Presidents of the United States it had only one Christian name.

Peter Cooper could repeat from memory Pope's entire "Essay on Man."

John B. Gough recently lectured in Boston for the 33d time in that city.

Two carloads of camels were recently captured in the Gila Valley, Arizona.

There are 34,000 deaf mutes in the United States, or one out of every 1,300 people.

A proposition to divide Texas into three or four States is again under discussion.

The late Gov. Washburne, of Wisconsin, left each of his children a round million.

There are 287,000 Indians in the United States, who hold 181,287,760 acres of land.

Ex-Gov. Coburn, of Maine, recently sold $500,000 worth of Western land in a single lot.

Saturday is the only day on which it is lawful to beg on the streets of San Antonio, Texas.

A man in Bethel, Conn., gave a party on the 100 anniversary of his birth, and died the next day.

The suicide of a woman sixty-seven years old, in Santa Rosa Cal., was attributed to hopeless love.

Hon. George R. Wendling is lecturing in Kentucky on, "Who, What, and Where is the Devil?"

Louisiana grafts Japan persimmons on the native American tree, and the fruit is as large as a tomato.

California has produced $1,700,000,000 worth of gold since 1850. It would require eight locomotives to haul it.

George Murray, of Baltimore, is 109 years of age. He married his second wife when he was 74 and she 40.

A tribe of Indians having tails from six to eight inches in length is reported to have been discovered in Paraguay.

In the whole Russian empire of nearly 100,000,000 persons there are only 776 journals and periodicals of all kinds.

Congressman Lanham, of Texas, represents a district of 67 counties, some of which are as large as Massachusetts.

The Prince of Wales is said to be in ill-health, and it is pretty generally predicted that his mother will outlive him.

Over 200,000 people are employed in lace-making in France, and about $20,000,000 worth of goods is produced annually.

A marriage took place recently at Portsea, England, in which the principals and whole bridal party were deaf mutes.

Mr. George Grant, of Meriwether, Ga., says, counting his grand, great-grand, and great-great-grandchildren, he has 108.

Heron, a mining town in Montana, has ten saloons, two gambling-houses, two hotels, one restaurant, and 200 inhabitants.

A man who was once Chief Justice of a Western Territory is said to be now serving as a waiter in a California restaurant.

United States Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is resolved to keep abreast of the times. He subscribes regularly for about 200 newspapers.

The three most valuable pearl necklaces in America are owned in New York, and are valued at $100,000, $80,000, and $60,000 respectively.

The late Jim Fisk's private car, once a palace on wheels, and named after Josie Mansfield, is now used as a wrecking-car on the Erie Road.

WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS are severely tried by the sudden changes of temperature usual in our climate, and in consequence Asthmatic Affections, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and similar complaints, are sure to be more or less prevalent. Coughs and Colds, the forerunners of these often fatal complaints, should be prudently taken in hand on the first symptoms, by resorting at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old and well-known remedy, certain to remove your Cold, and to exert a healing and strengthening effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

Waiting and Winning.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

BUT what will you do, uncle, if you do not come with us?"

"I think I will stay here. This has been my home for twenty-two years, Sophie."

"I will let the house furnished, and keep some of the rooms for the rent."

"And be snapped up by the first enterprising widow that takes it."

Sophie Elwood laughed as she spoke, but her troubled eyes contradicted the merriment of her lips.

"I cannot bear to leave you," she said, after a long silence. "It does not seem right."

"Dear child, it is right," was the gentle answer. "Your husband has the first claim upon you."

"We are so happy," she sighed. "I cannot see why Silas wants to change."

"I can. When Silas won the gentlest, purest heart I ever knew, he told me he was a very poor man, while you were my only relative and heiress.

"He would have left you then, to win a fortune to lay at your feet, but I would not let him go.

"I told him—and truly—that your happiness was the dearest object of my life, and that there was plenty for all if he would come to our home.

"You were married; but Silas has never lost the sense of independence."

"But he should not feel so."

"He knows that the dearest pride of an honorable man's heart is to give to his wife that support he owes her when he marries her.

"Tell me, Sophie, has Silas ever been so happy as he has since this offer to go to C—— was made?"

"No," said Sophie, reluctantly, "he never has."

"Because it gives him a large salary, and a certainty of increasing it by his own business enterprise, and he can take you to his home without depriving you of any of the luxuries you have always enjoyed."

"I understand now. But I wish it was not so. I have been your housekeeper so long, it is hard for me to think anyone else can fill my place."

"No one ever can, Sophie. But if I am too miserable, I will ask Silas to give me a corner in your home."

"You promise that?"

"Yes, I will promise that."

Sophie was beginning to think the house never would be let, when a card was brought to her room.

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson."

Sophie went to the parlor.

A lady of diminutive stature, dressed in deep mourning, rose to meet her, and Sophie thought she had never seen so sweet and so sad a face.

Sophie decided, first, that Mrs. Hutchinson was a lady, in every sense of the word, and secondly, that she had seen her face before, but where and when she could not decide.

"You are a widow, I presume?" she said.

"Yes; it is fourteen years since my husband died. I am wearing mourning for my only son, who was my sole support, though but twenty. I have been in ill health for years, though I am stronger now. I do not think I could undertake a very large house, but I am certainly make the old gentleman you speak of comfortable.'

"You had better call and see my uncle, then, at five o'clock. You can arrange the business with him. I am satisfied to leave him in your care."

So, when Reuben Bradford came home, Sophie told him that she considered the house taken.

"And, uncle," she said, merrily, "if this widow captures you, I think I can forgive her. She is as pretty as a picture—though she has lost a son twenty years old—and her voice is as musical as a flute; so make the terms easy for her, won't you?"

"Did she tell you her name?"

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson."

"What?"

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson; but her letter of reference from her present landlord was for Annette C. Hutchinson—what is the matter?"

It was a very pale face into which Sophie was looking.

"Annette Colton! Little Annette!" he murmured. "Did you tell her my name, Sophie?"

"No; I think not—I am quite sure I did not."

"Do you remember once, when I was turning over some papers in my desk, and found a miniature picture?"

"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."

"Is it like her now?"

"Very like."

"After twenty-two years. We were engaged to be married once, Sophie, and her father gave me that picture."

"Engaged to be married!" cried Sophie.

"Yes. She was only seventeen, and as pretty as a fairy—a child to me, for I was then past thirty—but a most winsome child.

"After I had once seen her, I found a great deal of business requiring me to call at Colton's.

"Engrossed by business, I had never cared much for society, and never certainly for any one fair face, until I saw Annette Colton.

"Her father knew my love before I had myself discovered it.

"By every art and device he encouraged it; for in a worldly way, I was a great match for a poor clerk's child.

"Colton probably thought much more of my bank account than of me."

"He fooled me perfectly, Sophie, and made me believe Annette loved me, but was shy with a sweet maiden modesty.

"If I invited her to go out, she was ever ready.

"She sang for me. She talked with me in her low sweet voice, winning me to deeper love at every interview.

"I saw that she grew pale when I was tender, that her little hand trembled, and shrank from mine when I strove to clasp it; but I believed her father when he told me it was but girlish shyness.

"When I asked him for her hand, he was eagerly glad to grant my prayer.

"When I told Annette of my love, and her father's consent to the wooing, she only whispered a faint assent.

"I was so proud, so happy, Sophie, as I prepared this house for my bride."

"Then she has been here."

"No. I planned to surprise her. I gave her father a handsome cheque for her trousseau. But one week before the wedding-day she eloped with Albert Hutchinson.

"I have the letter she wrote me yet.

"Long before she knew me she loved Albert."

"Did you never hear of her again?"

"Yes; I heard that Hutchinson was in C—— by a letter sent me from a firm where he sought employment.

"I wrote him a warm letter that secured him a position. I almost insisted upon Colton's sending to Annette the trousseau prepared for her, and wrote her a letter, simply expressive of my wishes for her future happiness."

As he spoke the door-bell rang, and a moment later the servant ushered Mrs. Hutchinson into the room.

Very gently Sophie said—

"I hope you will not think us impertinent, Mrs. Hutchinson, if I ask you to tell us something of yourself, before we decide about the house?"

"There is very little for me to tell you," said the low, sweet voice.

"My husband, as I told you this morning, died fourteen years ago, leaving me with three children.

"Two of these died in L——, where I lost my husband, and I became very feeble; so I came back here, and educated my only surviving son, Reuben. He was our first born, and named after the kindest friend I ever had—the noblest man I ever knew."

"And he too is dead?"

"Yes; he was killed in an iron foundry last summer."

"Why do you not apply to Reuben Bradford?"

Reuben turned to face her then.

"Have you forgotten me, Annette," he said, holding out his hand, "or did you think I would not be glad to see you once more?

"If you wronged me you tried to atone. You did not do me the greater wrong of thinking I wished to force you into a hated marriage."

"I loved my husband," pleaded Annette.

"And you were right when, loving him, you refused to marry me. But now, Annette, now that he has gone from life and from your love, could you not come to me, to be my cherished wife?"

"Me?" she cried.

"I have waited twenty-two years for your love," Reuben pleaded, for no other face has ever crowned yours from my heart. All the old love is there, waiting for you, Annette."

"Let me think," she whispered. "It is too much happiness."

Then lovingly Sophie led her away, and with a tender kiss, left her alone in the library, to recover from her bewilderment.

As she kissed her, she said softly—

"This is the house Reuben Bradford furnished for your home twenty-two years ago. It is not too late to make him very happy by coming to preside over it."

Mrs. Hutchinson had loved her husband with all the romantic love of her youth, and had mourned sincerely when he died.

But Reuben Bradford had been to her a prince of men—nobler than any other.

The respect she had ever given him had been strengthened by his generous forgiveness of the wrong she had done him, and for years there was no image brighter in her memory than that of the man she had once refused to marry.

She wanted to be sure that she could bring him such love and tenderness as would atone for the past and give him happiness for the future.

It was an hour before she returned to the room. He waited her decision.

"Reuben," she said, "if my love can make you happy, it is yours."

So there was a moving, following a quiet wedding, for Silas Elwood and his wife left for C—— on the day Annette Bradford came to take possession of her new home.

Reuben Bradford has not yet been sufficiently miserable to ask for that corner in Sophie's house.

MRS. JOHN MALSBY, of Walton, Ga., saved an iced cake to cut for the preacher when he called. When the happy moment arrived, the party were startled by the appearance of a moccasin snake, two feet in length, that slowly emerged from the cake as it was placed upon the table.

Gentlemen whose beards are not of the tint which they desire, can remedy the defect by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The house was haunted. All who saw
The frequent sign, "To let," said so,
And families did oft withdraw
Their goods and chattels. That I know.

And yet it seemed of awe bereft,
A spot which ghosts might not invade,
So when the final tenant left,
I flatly came to him and said:

"My friend, you seem with care oppressed,
And moving is a last resort.
Do goblins here disturb your rest?
Is this a haunted house, in short?"

He said—and as he spoke he frowned:
"You've guessed it. That's the bother here.
We're haunted by a plaguy sound,
That splits the head and frights the ear.

"I've hunted up this phantom dire,
I understand the horrid din,
One neighbor's just got in the choir,
Another's learning the violin."

—U. N. NONE.

Facetiæ.

Long division—Divorce.

A nod fellow—Morpheus.

Indian affairs—Corn-cakes.

Highly gifted—Santa Claus.

Why is a gun like a newspaper? Because it makes reports.

An earthquake usually causes an active movement in real estate.

Standing Bear's son proposes to redress the wrongs of the red man. He is studying to be a plumber.

"When a man begins to go down hill," says the cynic, "he finds everything greased for the occasion."

A regular virago says a despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wiser—she tears her husband's.

Deaths from Heart Disease are common. Use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists.

The man who has no baby, misses more than half the joy of living, but his eyes don't look so red in the morning.

"Our Animal Friends" Endorse.

No well-informed person denies that the ownership of animals involves the obligation of their proper nursing and care when sick. It is generally admitted that the common mode of treatment is cruel as well as wasteful in life and suffering. But before you condemn us, show us a better system. Now, this is precisely what we propose to do: Humphreys' Homœopathic Veterinary Specifics have been in use twenty-five years, and the testimony of respectable horse and stock-owners is that the results are entirely satisfactory. The medicines are suited to almost every possible disease among domestic animals, and can be given without the slightest trouble. They are not poisonous or destructive of health, but cure in far less time than any other remedies. This system of treatment is free from intricacy and difficulty,—one that tells the owner just what to do, and how to do it—and while safe and satisfactory in results, it secures the animal from all cruelty and unkindness. Moreover, it affords the best chance for their recovery and renewed usefulness. We think we are acting in the interest and for the benefit of our animal friends, who cannot speak for themselves, when we cordially recommend and endorse the Humphreys' Homœopathic Veterinary System. So speaks "Our Animal Friends," the organ of Henry Bergh, and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A $10,000 Thanksgiving.

Chicago, Ills., Dec. 4th, 1883. Received of J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky., for the Henry College Lottery Co., Ten Thousand Dollars cash, in full payment for my Prize Ticket No. 80,443, drawn Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29th, in Louisville, Ky. F. J. Schmidt, 241 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—From Chicago Evening Journal.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Speedic permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not made to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box: twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

FOR SALE.—Rich Stock and Grain Farms. Address W. A. STUART, Kokomo, Indiana.

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"Singer" Model Sewing Machine only $15

A Cording, Ruffler, Tucker, Five Hemmers, Binder, Thread Cutter, Needles, Oil and full outfit with each.—Guaranteed to be perfect. Warranted 5 years. Don't pay double for machines no better, when you can try these before you pay a cent. All late improvements. Runs light with little noise. Handsome and durable. Circulars with hundreds of testimonials from

GEO. PAYNE & CO., 47 Third Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

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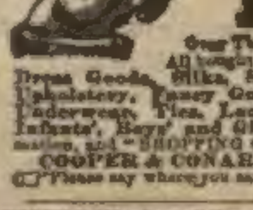

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In the second part of "Faust" incandescence works a miracle. A bottle is seen suspended or balanced in the air. Suddenly it becomes dimly illuminated, the light gradually increasing to brilliancy, and a human figure is seen within the bottle, which made of gelatinized gauze, is held suspended by two iron wires. An opaque band above the neck of the bottle serves to hide the direct rays of the incandescent lamp, while the downward reflection lights the figure. This last is of rubber, and a wire attached near the middle serves to render it misshapen. By degrees the wire is slackened and the figure, through its elasticity, rises and assumes a human form.

In the second part of the opera of "Faust" a mysterious key is rendered red-hot, apparently, while in the hand of the actor.

This key, which is quite large, is made with a frame of iron wire covered with thin mica painted red, with a transparent pigment.

In the interior of the key are small platinum wires connecting buttons of less resistance.

Two flexible conducting wires lead from the battery to two disconnected points in the shaft of the key through the platinum. At the proper moment the actor presses the key, closing the circuit and sending the current through the fine platinum wires, which by their high resistance are thus made luminous, and the whole key seems to become suddenly red hot.

In the opera of "Der Freischutz" a skull rises from the earth and launches fire from the eyes and mouth.

To accomplish this small bundles of wire are arranged so as to bring them end to end to each other, as if you were to place the brush ends of two brooms together. These are elastic and only in slight contact. From each of these a wire leads to one terminal of the battery.

Now, when the head rises with a tottering motion and "solemnity wags," the motion breaks the contacts, and the escaping sparks scintillate at every break point.

In the play of the "Glass Slipper" the incandescent light is used to render the slipper luminous, and the diadem of the Queen of Night, in the "Magic Flute," is lighted in the same manner.

So of St. Elmo's fire in the "Phantom Ship" and the diamond rocks in the same spectacle; and other gems are equally well represented by inclosing the lights in mica, glass or gelatinized gauze.

The star in "Faust" is almost of microscopic dimensions in fact, until illuminated, and the effect produced by a sword combat, where these form the connecting terminals of a heavy battery; is fully as near akin to the marvellous is the spark shower thus produced.

PERSONS visiting the shore will notice that almost always the waves come on shore in sets; that is, three or four of ordinary size and then a large one, then perhaps two or three or more of these sets and then a still larger wave. It has passed into an adage from which comparisons are drawn that every seventh wave is larger than the rest. This is true sometimes but not always. Waves are vibrations of the water caused by storms of greater or less magnitude. These storms are constantly occurring all over the vast ocean, and each one sends out its ever-widening circle of waves, just as a stone dropped in a mill pond will send out its ripples. If there was but one agitating causes there would be a regular succession of waves on the beach, of equal height, and coming at regular intervals, gradually subsiding after the storm had ceased.

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Marriageable ladies should frequent the theatre before the curtain is drawn up. They would then be sure of an overture.

Those who use tobacco, say that a good cigar is often better than medicine. Well, smoking has been known to cure hams.

"Better lay it than never," said the rooster to the hen. "What an egg-sample of idiocy," he remarked, as he ducked out of sight.

A burglar was shot to death in a Michigan village the other night. Burglars have a tough time in a place where there is no police.

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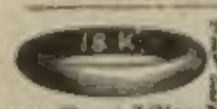

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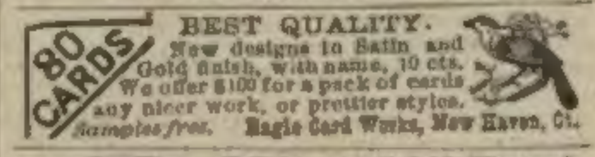

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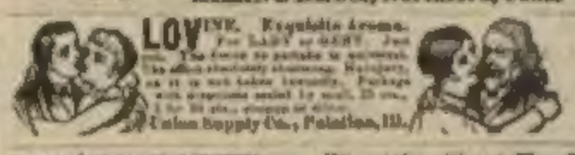

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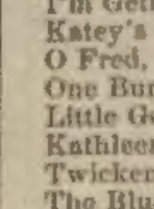

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50 Elegant Imp. Chromo Cards, name in new script type only 10c. 13 pks $1, or 10 pks for $1 and choice free of handsome gold ring, plain, chased, fancy, stone setting, or tortoise 2-blade knife. SNOW & Co, Meriden Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ALTHOUGH plain materials are by no means banished into obscurity, the dominant winter fabrics are unquestionably chiefly figured.

For rich confections and toilettes there are velvet and silk brochés and pekins, while for ordinary wear there are the new broche woolen materials, the novelties of the season, which carry all before them; and although a toilette of plain material cut by a clever artiste always has held, and always will hold its ground, brochés, damasks, brocades, etc., are in most request both for dresses and confections.

Materials of neutral tint are sprinkled with fruits, flowers, leaves, and sprays in shaded colors suitable for winter wear.

D'Orsay jackets are seen in every shade of plain and mixed browns, accompanied by skirts with the ground to match, nevertheless the dominant color for out-door wear in Paris is grey.

This seems a strange contrast, for the opposite height of fashion is a rich flame color in silk or satin, embroidered with birds and flowers in chenille, plush, or beads of various colors.

Such a material as this last is used as the skirt, and is accompanied by a long handsome redingote of flame-colored velvet.

The great prevalence of grey will leave its trace on chapeaux, none being considered so stylish for young ladies as the Henri II. hat of grey felt, trimmed with grey velvet and a grey bird or wings, if the toilette be grey, richly colored tropical birds being substituted to accompany other toilettes.

Grey chapeaux in felt, straw or velvet are universal, especially when trimmed with grey plumes and steel ornaments.

The colors in use for early winter evening dresses are peculiarly artistic and beautiful.

The more æsthetic shades are preferred on account of the facility in combining them as it is now the fashion to mix dark and pale shades of different colors. Thus black or seal-brown velvet shades, but at the same times relieves, light-colored silks, such as turquoise blue, water green, and above all pale pink and cream.

Young ladies, for evening wear, will adopt delicate toilettes of pale glace taffetas in the above-mentioned shades with velvet corselets, laced in front over a pleated chemisette of white or cream lace.

The sleeves are also pleated lace, drawn in at the elbow with a band of velvet, the bows draping the taffetas skirt are also of velvet.

This same corselet looks very stylish over skirts of embroidered etamine, the etamine chemisette being embroidered in front, the design continuing round the neck, and resembling that on the skirt.

The sleeves also are embroidered. This corselet is very youthful, and cannot therefore be recommended even for the youngest married ladies, if they have lost the slight and supple figure of early youth.

It is an almost universal rule that handsome costumes, whether for evening or out door wear, should consist of two different materials, in the same, or better still, in different colors.

The correct combination of materials and colors therefore now forms a great part of a good couturiere's art.

The corsage should, if possible, have the waistcoat, collar, and cuffs matching the skirt or the skirt trimming, if the corsage and tunic differ from the skirt.

As for instance an evening costume of pale blue brocade, with a dark moujik green velvet tunic lined with pale blue satin, has a velvet corsage, the basques lined with blue satin, the waistcoat of blue broche laced across with green cords. It must be remembered that fashion inclines to the sumptuous in materials, and linings are expected to be little inferior in value to the dress fabric.

Contrasting strongly with the elaborate beaded and embroidered toilettes are the simple tailor-made costumes of cloth for morning wear.

There is fortunately, however, a mean between these two extremes, or the wants of society would not be fulfilled; many ladies have not the slightest occasion for very dressy toilettes, while a plain cloth dress is too simple for all purposes.

The following toilette is an example of third style, and though stylish and elegant it is moderately simple and free from elaboration, which renders many toilettes quite unfit for walking in the street.

It is of iron grey cashmere and black velvet, but other materials and colors can be substituted according to taste.

The skirt is edged with three balayeuses of grey surah, and is nearly covered by a large tablier, draped a l'Italienne, which is pleated into the waistband and edged with a wide bias band of black velvet; each side of the skirt, where the tablier is draped up, is trimmed with a cashmere panel, edged all round with a velvet band.

Above this is a short draped tunic, forming plain horizontal pleats round the hips and draped in a large puff behind; the first pleat follows exactly the outline of the narrow black velvet waistcoat.

The corsage has a plastron of black velvet, and a velvet panel of the same shape behind, each outlined with a bias band of grey cashmere.

The cuffs are of black velvet. This model, exactly the same in cut and shape, would suffice for a pretty, dressy dinner toilette, cream or pink surah or voile replacing the cashmere, and grenat velvet being substituted for black.

The robings on the skirt, in this case, would look better pleated, and not surrounded with a velvet band.

If the pattern is of small or medium size, figured or brocaded woolen materials are often employed for the tunic and corsage, the pleated skirt being of plain fabric to match.

Sometimes a polonaise is substituted for the separate corsage and tunic, draped with a velvet or fancy scarf.

Velvet bands trim such a costume very suitably, and form the revers, collar and parements; or serge-vigogne, a thick and handsome material, can be employed. Plain camel's hair is sometimes used for the whole toilette, the broche camel's hair to match forming bands for trimming the waistcoat, parements, etc.

Or else the broche tunic is lined with plain satin and turned back en revers.

A great deal of variety can be obtained in these elegant woolen toilettes, which combine the two great qualifications of utility and distinction.

When made up for young ladies under thirty, a Henri II. hat of felt is almost universally added.

Visiting toilettes of fine woolen materials or of mixt silk are frequently worn at quiet dinners. They have elaborately pleated and draped tunics over skirts covered with flounces of lace or embroidery.

The corsage has the usual waistcoat, now the inseparable adjunct of all plain or dressy walking costumes.

Mantles of every description are worn, from the elegant polisse of broche velvet trimmed with chenille and beads, to the cloth d'Orsay jacket with white waistcoat.

The Parisian blouse is made in all woolen fabrics and light silks, such as taffetas and surah, warmly lined; mantelets are made of woolen materials and of plain or broche velvets; long traveling polisses with full sleeves are seen in vigogne, fine cloth, cashmere, etc, and are very suitable for the season.

All mantles must be lined, and well lined, as the better the lining the better will the vetement hang on the figure hence in many cases the lining is more expensive than the outer material.

Visites and polisses of vigogne are often lined with rich silk placed over an inner lining of diuette, or rich satin is used for the purpose.

Soft silks only serve as linings for materials of very rich texture, such as brocades and silk and velvet brochés.

The blouse is very much worn, but the preference will probably be given eventually to the more elegant redingote.

Visites have also a decided place amongst fashionable vetements, the reason for their long-continued popularity being easily found in the fact that they remain much the same in general style, although they are subject to constant change in their accessories and details.

They are made of every kind of rich broche, ottoman, and ribbed fabric, and no trimming is too rich or costly for them.

In mantles, a perfectly new model is of seal-brown velvet plush with dashes of gold; it has three seams at the back, the sleeves starting also from the back. The trimming is a fringe of loops of bluish beads alternated with loops of beads in shades of blue, green, ruby and gold, glittering round the edge and sleeves and down the front of the vetement.

Fireside Chat.

SPOTS AND STAINS.

STAINS and spots on materials of all kinds are divided by Mr. Spon, scientifically, into two kinds—simple and compound, and in writing of them I intend as far as I can, to observe the distinction, for it is one which every one of readers ought to remember and be guided by, as on it depends the success or non-success of dealing with them.

Grease and oil form what may be called "simple stains;" while coffee, tea, mud, ink and the gravies and sauces used in cooking are properly called compound, because they consist of two or more substances, each of which has caused a stain.

Grease, of course, is to be dissolved by the use of alkalies, or melted by heat; the former, however, require to be carefully used, as they change the colors of dyed stuffs.

The safest are fuller's earth, French chalk and soap. Oxgall and yoke of egg take out grease without affecting the color, and oil of turpentine will take out recent spots. Pure alcohol will in turn extract turpentine, resin, pitch, and all stains of a resinous nature.

Stain of pitch, varnish, and oil paint which have become dry and old, must first be softened with a little fresh butter or lard before trying either turpentine or alcohol, as the volatile oil of turpentine will only take out recent stains.

Benzine is a very excellent preparation for removing simple stains of grease from articles that cannot be washed, such as leather and cloth.

The greased spots should be rubbed with a clean flannel which has been wet with benzine.

Commence from the outer edge of the soiled spot, and rub inwards. Be careful not to extend the surface of the spot in your efforts to take it out.

The application of heat is another method of removing small spots of grease from silk and wool.

Some people hold a red-hot poker over the spot, by which means the grease becomes volatilised, and immediately disappears.

This plan can only be carried out by a careful hand, as a scorch is a worse evil than the original grease spot.

Another method is to lay the silk on some clean flannel, and place over it a sheet of brown paper, and lay a hot iron on for a few minutes; the grease should come out on the paper.

I have found the red-hot poker an admirable thing to take out spots of wax or other candles from carpets and tablecloths. A bit of clean tissue-paper should be used also, to rub the spot for a moment, after you have held the poker over it.

The method of taking grease from books and paper is as follows:—Warm the greased part gently and then press on it some clean blotting paper repeatedly till you have obtained as much of the grease as possible. Make some oil of turpentine nearly boiling hot, warm the greased paper again, and apply the hot turpentine with a clean soft brush to both sides of the paper. Repeat till the grease is gone.

When this has been safely accomplished, apply some rectified spirits of wine to the place with a clean brush very gently, and if you have been quick and careful the paper should be clean and spotless. Spots on the outside of books may be cleaned with benzine.

Chalk, fullers' earth, and soapstone or French chalk are all of them excellent for the removal of grease.

The first two are generally mixed with water into a thin paste and spread upon the stain and then allowed to dry. After that the spot only requires brushing with a clothesbrush.

French chalk can also be applied in the same manner, but on a delicate silk it is best not to wet it, but to simply scrape it into powder with a penknife on the surface of the spot.

Rub it in slightly with the finger tip, and after a little while brush it off.

Iron-mould, rust, and mildew must be treated next. Either of the two former may be taken out instantaneously with a strong solution of oxalic acid, however old they may be.

The oxalic acid may be applied in powder the spot being previously wetted; rub the powder well in and wash off directly with pure water.

A recent stain of either iron mould or rust may be removed by cream of tartar applied in the same way.

Another method of removing old iron-moulds is to moisten them for five minutes with sulphate of potash or muriate of tin, and after this is washed out apply citric acid.

Another way is to wet the spot and lay the article over a pewter hot-water plate, and drop a little essential oil of lemons upon it.

Wet the spots when dry and renew the process, keeping the plate boiling hot; when the stain leaves, wash well, to prevent injury from the acid.

Mildew may be removed by the following process: Dissolve a quarter pound of chloride of lime in two quarts of water, stir it well, allow it to settle, and pour off the clear liquor.

Put the article into the mixture and expose it wet to the outside air, till the mildew has disappeared, rinse it well in cold water and then wash in the usual way. This will also remove wine and all vegetable stains.

Among the most trying of the simple stains are those made by fruit, especially black currents, cherries, or mulberries. As a girl I used to be a perfect victim to my carelessness in this respect, and the prettiest of my summer dresses used to get stained, even when I seemed to myself to be taking great care of them. It was not till I was sent to school in Switzerland that I knew how to take them out without trouble, by learning from my French and German schoolfellows.

Correspondence.

CAMERON.—We are fully supplied at present.

DELTA.—A Catholic cannot hold the office of lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

JULIA.—Probably your friend has not received your letter. We advise you to write again.

PET.—If you know he is right, do what he asked you. 2. You are too young to marry. 3. We do not know.

TOTTIE.—The German dance called the Waltz was introduced at a fashionable ball in London, just seventy years ago.

ELIOT.—The play of "Richelieu" was written by the late Sir Edward Bulwer. "Money" and the "Lady of Lyons" were also written by him.

J. R.—A widow's name is "Mrs. Mary Jones," and not "Mrs. James Jones," the latter title only belonging to her during her husband's lifetime.

ORCUS.—Shun a slanderer as you would do a viper. How many an innocent heart has heaved and swelled under the calumny of a fiend until it broke with grief.

MEERSCHAUM.—After eating onions or smoking, chew a little parsley, which will mitigate, if not altogether remove, the unpleasant odor of the first mentioned articles.

FANNY L.—The young man is not worthy of your love. He must have a mean and contemptible disposition to ask for the return of a gift he gave you last Christmas. We advise you to return everything he ever gave you, and have nothing more to do with him.

CICERO.—The plan is not a bad one if it can be carried out; but it is wise to wait and make sure of the wherewithal to a settlement before the irrevocable pledge is given and accepted. Make sure of your ground before you take any serious step in the matter.

QUERIST.—To form a tide-table for any place, is is necessary to take a series of observations for a considerable period of the daily times and heights of high water; then, by comparing these with the daily relative positions of the sun and moon, it may be extended as required.

J. B.—Eleutheria, in Grecian antiquity, was a festival celebrated at Platæa, in memory of the defeat of Mardonius, the general of Xerxes; and in honor of those who gallantly sacrificed their lives for the liberty of their country. It was held every fifth year, when prizes were contended for.

HANDY.—The phrase "A sadder and a wiser man," is from the "Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge:

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."

SEAWEED.—Let her apologise for her folly and promise not to flirt again. We have written repeatedly against this silly practice that some young ladies indulge in, as we are quite convinced that many marriages that might have turned out happily, have been broken off from this cause.

BIRDIE.—The way to force a young man to avow his intentions is to tell him that your parents object to your keeping his company unless he consents to be introduced to them. If the young man has honorable intentions, he will at once take the hint and accompany you to your residence.

LILLE.—You appear to have a fool for a lover, and, probably, the sooner you give him up, the better it would be for your future welfare. A man who can be jealous for such a trifling cause will hardly make a wife happy, for he will be always suspicious, even if you speak a word of courtesy to your next-door male neighbor.

E. ELLIS.—There must be a cause of the falling off of the hair. What is it? What do the "doctors" say? Better consult some physician who has made a specialty of the skin. There are several first-rate men connected with the skin departments of the larger hospitals. Do not go to a special hospital, but to the skin department of a general hospital.

R. E. E.—It is usual to allow a mash to ferment several days before distilling. The time varies with the temperature of the air and the time of year, and only experience can guide you in allowing the correct time; but no serious harm is likely to happen from a slightly longer time being given, and as a rule the mould will not hurt the liquor. Maize should be ground or soaked, and malted.

ROSA.—The crust of the earth is the upper friable portion of it, consisting of loam, gravel, or sand. Dip in the strata means a bending of the strata downwards. It is, whether of sand, gravel, coal, tin, copper, or lead, found to lay in almost regular veins at various depths beneath the surface of the earth. Physical geography is distinguished from descriptive geography by dwelling upon the products of the soil and the mines, etc., of the country it describes.

BESS.—You certainly did wrong both in engaging yourself to a man whom you did not love, and then engaging yourself lightly and frivolously to a man whom you cannot trust. You are right in breaking off an engagement with a man whom you did not care for; you are wrong in engaging yourself to a man who, it seems likely, has only sought you because he thought you belonged to another. An engagement to marry is a solemn affair, and should only be entered into by those who really love each other, and mean to marry, and should only be broken for the gravest reasons.

LEANDER.—Adages must be interpreted and applied in accordance with the age and time in which one lives. What is considered fair in war now among civilized nations is very different from what was believed to be fair in the age when the adage that you quote was originated. Then it was considered fair to murder prisoners of war, or to enslave them. At that time it was also considered legitimate for a lover to destroy his rival, or to carry off by force the girl he loved. In such times, it was, of course, believed that "all was fair in love and war." But in these days it is different. Even in war and love civilized people are now compelled to respect some of the principles of honor and fair play. Judged by the standard of our times, it would not be right for you to try and win an engaged girl away from her lover.